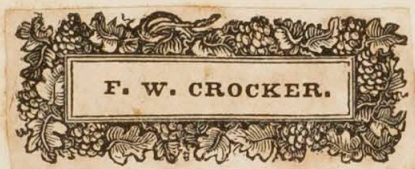






101  
F. W. Crocker's Book. 1828.





Additional words, to "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" Part 1. Remainder of "Bonnie Boat," Page 7th.

2. The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,  
Thae John o' Grooms to Ailie,  
Hae' to a man declared to stand  
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.  
Come thro' the heather &c.

3. The lowlands a' baith great an' sma  
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae  
Declaid for Scotia's King an' law,  
An' speir ye wha but Charlie.  
Come thro' the heather &c.

4th There's neer a lass in a' the land  
But vows baith late an' early,  
To man she'll neer gie heart or hand,  
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
Come thro' the heather &c.

5th Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
An' be't complete an' early  
His very name our hearts blood warms  
To arms for royal Charlie.  
Come thro' the heather &c.

Remainder of "When I left thy shores O Naples," P. 5th.

3. Still the blue waves danced around us,  
Mid the sunbeams jocund smile;  
Still the air breath'd balmy summer,  
Wafted from that happy Isle.

4th When some hand the strain awaking  
Of my home and native shore  
Then 'twas first I ~~then~~ swept O Naples  
That I ne'er should see thee more.

3. The well known shout of safety rings  
From out the echoing coae;  
The speckle'd mother wildly springs  
To him, whose voice is love;  
The aged matron casts her eye,  
Upon the troubled deep;

The anxious dame looks wistfully,  
The candle's bairnies sleep.  
Chorus. We cast our lines &c.

4th The broad red sun hath set in blood,  
The sea-birds sadly wail:  
The lightnings flash and driving scud  
Bespeak the coming gale.  
The storm bursts out, the signal light  
Gleams from the little cot;  
O'er foamy billows bring bright,  
Fast bounds the Bonnie Boat.  
Chorus. We cast our lines &c.

5th They double Largo's headland wide  
And shoot across the bay,  
Till in the coae they safely ride,  
Tho' gurnel deep with spray;  
The tale is told to greedy ears,  
Of perils and alarms;  
But soon the dame forgets her fears  
Within her husband's arms.

Chorus. We cast our lines &c.

Remainder of "Campbells are comin'!" P. 13.

2. The Campbells are comin' &c.  
Wi' bonnet blue' auld Scotia's pride,  
And braid claymore hung by their side -  
Wi' plumes all nodding in the wind,  
They hae no' left a man behind.  
The Campbells are comin' &c.

3. The Campbells are comin' &c.  
Hark! hark! the Pibroch's sound I hear,  
Now bannie to fire dinna fear  
'Tis honour calls I must away,  
Argyle's the word of ours the day.  
The Campbells are comin' &c.

Additional verse, to "Will thou say farewell?" Page 12th.

3. Let not others wile, love, thy ardent heart betray,  
Remember Rosa's smile, love, Rosa far away.  
I'll still be thine, And thou'lt be mine,  
I'll love thee though we sever,  
Oh! say, can I, E'er cease to sigh  
Or cease to love - no, never.

Remainder of "Charlie is my darling," P. 14.

3. Charlie is my darling &c.  
Wi' highland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores long and clear,  
They came to fight for Scotland's right,  
And the young chevaliers;  
Charlie is my darling &c.

Over.



4<sup>th</sup> Charlie is my darling &c.  
They've left their Bonnie highland hills,  
Their wives & bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,  
The young Chevalier;  
Oh! Charlie is my darling &c.

Remainder of Blue-Eyed Mary P. 13<sup>th</sup>

5<sup>th</sup> Look up, thou poor forsaken,  
I'll give thee house and home,  
And if I'm not mistaken  
Thou'lt never wish to roam.  
6<sup>th</sup> Born thus to weep my fortune,  
Though poor, I'll virtuous prove,  
For I've early learnt the caution,  
That pity was not love.  
7<sup>th</sup> No, no, sweet blue-eyed stranger,  
No, never must we part;  
No more to be a ranger;  
I'll give thee hand and heart.  
8<sup>th</sup> Once more I'm happy Mary,  
Once more has fortune smiled,  
And ah! how fortunes vary,  
I now am fortune's child.

Remainder of Kelvin Grove Page 18<sup>th</sup>

3. Then we'll up to yonder glade, Bonnie lassie, O,  
Where so oft beneath its shade, Bonnie lassie, O,  
With the songsters in the grove,  
We have told our tale of love  
And have sportive garlands wove, Bonnie lassie, O;  
4<sup>th</sup> But I soon must bid adieu, Bonnie lassie, O,  
To this fairy scene and you, Bonnie lassie, O,  
To the stream at winding clear  
To the fragrant scented brier,

Ever to thee, of all most dear, Bonnie lassie, O.  
5<sup>th</sup> And when on a distant shore, Bonnie lassie, O,  
Should I fall midst battles roar, Bonnie lassie, O,  
Wilt thou Ellen, when you hear  
Of thy lover on his bier,  
To his memory drop a tear, Bonnie lassie, O.

Remainder of Tom Starboard Page 23<sup>th</sup>

3. In fight, Tom Starboard knew no fear,  
For when he lost an arm - resign'd,  
Said, "Love for Nan, his only dear,  
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind."  
On board, Tom darger bravely scorned,  
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke;  
For still his manly bosom burn'd  
With love - his heart was made of oak!  
4<sup>th</sup> On shore in haste Tom nimbly ran,  
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;  
But false report had brought to Nan,  
Six months before, that Tom had died;  
With grief she daily spin'd away,  
No medicine had the power to save;  
And Tom arriv'd - that very day  
They laid his Nancy in the grave!

Remainder of the Invitation Page 19<sup>th</sup>

3. And on its boughs the nightingale  
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale,  
That oft the passing rustics stray,  
With loitering step to catch the lay.  
4<sup>th</sup> Sweet blue-eyed Maid with locks so fair,  
My heart's dear pride, my fondest care!  
I bid thee home; - the storm doth lower.  
Come share sweet-maid, my sheltering bower!

Additional Verse to the Murderer's Bride Page 24<sup>th</sup>  
3. Shed the high purpose, which beams in thine eye,  
It is but to suffer, to love, and to die.  
Away then to climes, that have heard not the tale,  
Outsteds thro' the forest, our bark to the gale;  
And if I've lost heaven in striving for thee,  
Thou shalt make our wild exile a heaven to me.

Remainder of Wreaths for the Chief, Page 25<sup>th</sup>  
3. Sunk be the blaze of the bale fire forever!

Flash'd be the trump in the slumber of years!  
Seraphs sound Paeans of praise to the giver,  
Peace hath illumina'd a Nation in tears.  
Sunk &c.

May she in triumph reign;  
Over our land again;  
Nier may her fair floating banner be furled;  
Still be the Orphan's moan,  
Silent the widows groan,  
Lost for a time, in the joy of the world.

Remainder of the Legacy Page 27<sup>th</sup>  
3. Keep this cup, which is now overflowing,  
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;  
Never, oh never, its balm bestowing  
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!  
But when some warm devoted lover,  
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,  
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,  
And hallow each drop that foams for him.  
Remainder of The Evening Bells Page 27<sup>th</sup>  
3. And so it will be, when I am gone,  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.



Remainder of "Hours there were, Page 32<sup>d</sup>.

3<sup>d</sup> But in dreams let love be near me,  
With the joys that bloom'd before;  
Shunt'ing then twills sweetly cheer me,  
Calm to live my pleasures o'er.  
Then perhaps some hope may waken,  
In this heart depressed with care,  
And like flowers in vales forsaken,  
Live a lonely beauty there.

Additional verse to the Bridal Wreath Page 32<sup>d</sup>.

3<sup>d</sup> And may our wreath, an emblem prove,  
Of sweetest hours of bliss and love;  
For when the rose of youth is past,  
The constant myrtle still shall last.  
Love with myrtle leaves for.

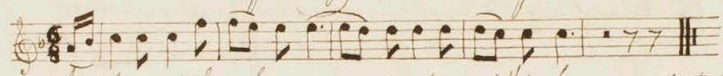
Remainder of "Oh! no, we never mention her" Page 34<sup>th</sup>.

3<sup>d</sup> For oh! there are so many things  
Recall the past to me,  
The breeze upon the sunny hills,  
The billows of the sea,  
The rosy tint that decks the sky,  
Before the sun is set,  
As every leaf I look upon,  
Forbids me to forget!  
4<sup>th</sup> They tell me she is happy now,  
The gayest of the gay;  
They hint that she forgets me,  
But I heed not what they say;  
Like me perhaps she struggles on.

With each feeling of regret,  
But if she loves as I have lov'd  
She never can forget!

Remainder of the Wandering Boys of Switzerland Page 35<sup>th</sup>.

2<sup>d</sup> When scarcely old enough to know  
The meaning of a tale of woe,  
'Twas then by Mother we were told,  
That Father in his grave was cold!  
That livelihoods were hard to get,  
And we too young to labour yet.



For her two boys of Switzerland!  
3<sup>d</sup> But soon for Mother as we grew,  
We work'd as much as boys could do,  
Our daily gains to her we bore  
But oh! she'll ne'er receive them more:  
For long we watch'd beside her bed,  
Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead;  
And now we wander hand in hand  
Two Orphan boys of Switzerland!

Remainder of "I should very much like to know" P. 57.

3<sup>d</sup> A gipsy in the wood!  
Said sh'd tell me something good  
For his name began with O, his name began with G.  
And he'd surely marry me  
For it was his destiny  
Now whoever this could be I should very f.  
I should f. whose name begins f. I should f. I should f.

Remainder of "Columbia Land of Liberty" Page 35<sup>th</sup>.

3<sup>d</sup> And shall we ever dim the fires,  
That flame on Freedom's kindred shrines?  
Shall glory's children shame their sires?  
Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins?  
No - by the blood our Fathers shed,  
O Freedom! in thy holy cause,  
When streaming from the martyr'd dead,  
It seal'd, and sanctified thy laws -  
We swear to keep thee great and free,  
Columbia land of liberty! Columbia.

Remainder of "All Hands Unmoor!" Page 35<sup>th</sup>.

3<sup>d</sup> Three cheers for victory!  
Hush'd be each plaint o'er fallen brave;  
Still e'ry sigh to messmate given;  
The seaman's tomb is in the wave;  
The hero's latest hope is heaven!  
High lift the voice in revelry!  
Gay raise the song, the shout, the glee,  
Three cheers for Victory!

Remainder of Mary's tears Page 46<sup>th</sup>.

3<sup>d</sup> And wip'd them with that golden hair,  
Where once the diamond shone;  
Though now those gems of grief were there,  
Which shine for God alone.  
4<sup>th</sup> Then that hast slept in error's sleep,  
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,  
Like Mary weep, like Mary weep,  
"Love much, much & be forgiven."



Remainder of "Thyges and the mentioned," Page 55.

3. They tell me that contentment dwells,  
Within her calm and spotted breast;  
Then how can I unhappy be,  
When she I love so well is blest?  
She thinks no more of other days,  
With sorrow, or with vain regret,  
Although, perchance, like me she says,  
Oh no, I never, never can forget,  
I never, never can forget.

Remainder of the Tyrolean Evening Hymn Page 56.

3. Yes, tempest is the sound  
That dwells in whispering boughs,  
Welcome the freshness round,  
And the gale that fans our brows.  
But rest more sweet and still  
Than even nightfall gave,  
Our yearning hearts shall flee  
In the world beyond the grave.  
Come, come, come! &c.

4. Then shall no tempests blow,  
No scorching noontide heat;  
There shall be no more snow,  
No weary wandering feet.  
So we lift our trusting eyes,  
From the hills our fathers trod,  
To the quiet of the skies,  
To the Sabbath of our God!  
Come, come, come! &c.

Remainder of "Bring Flowers" Page 57-

3. Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;  
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;  
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,

And a dream of his youth - bring him flowers wild <sup>flowers,</sup>  
4. Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!  
They were born to blush on her shining hair.  
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
Her place is now by another's side -  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.  
5. Bring flowers, pale flowers, for the tier to shed  
A crown for the brow of the early dead!  
For this, through its leaves hath the white rose burst;  
For this, in the woods was the violet murdered;  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
They are loved last gift - bring ye flowers, pale flowers.  
6. Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
They are nature's offering, their place is there!  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust thro' the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory - bring flowers bright flowers.



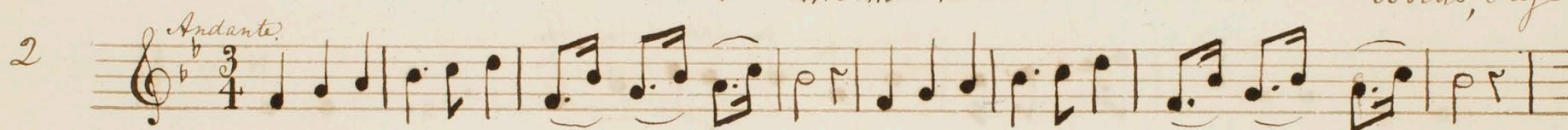
# SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D.

\* Words, Page 149.<sup>th</sup>



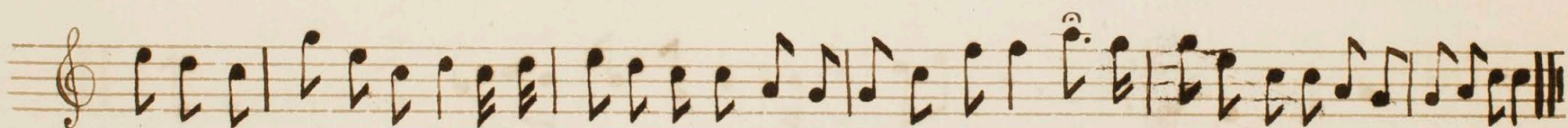
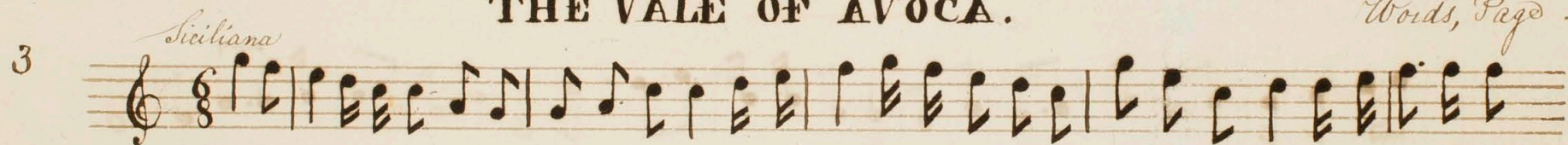
ADON ADON.

Words, Page 78.<sup>th</sup>

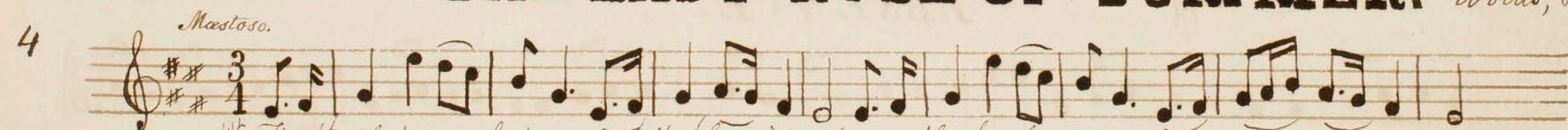


THE VALE OF AVOCA.

Words, Page 27.<sup>th</sup>



THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER. Words, Page 174.<sup>th</sup>



1<sup>st</sup> 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone; All her lovely companions are faded and gone;



No flower of her kindred, no rose bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh. \* The Pages as here marked, refer to the Southern & Western Songster.



# SWEET HOME!

Words, Page 116.<sup>th</sup>

5

Handwritten musical score for 'Sweet Home!' in treble clef, 2/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). The score consists of six staves. The first staff begins with a measure rest of 5. The second staff has an 'Express:' marking. The third staff has a 'Largo.' marking and a fermata. The fourth staff has a '2<sup>d</sup> Verse. Più Animato.' marking and an 'Express:' marking. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff has a 'Largo.' marking, a fermata, and an 'Addit.' marking. The piece ends with a double bar line and a 7-measure rest.

## ABSENCE.

Words, Page 105.<sup>th</sup>

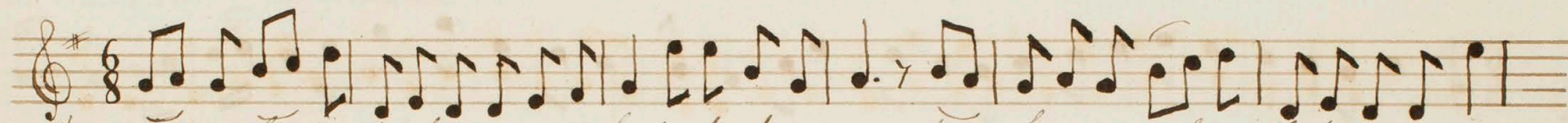
6

Handwritten musical score for 'Absence.' in treble clef, 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). The score consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a measure rest of 6. The second staff continues the melody.

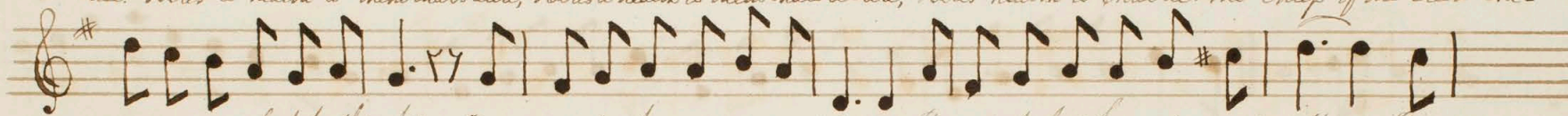


# Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue.

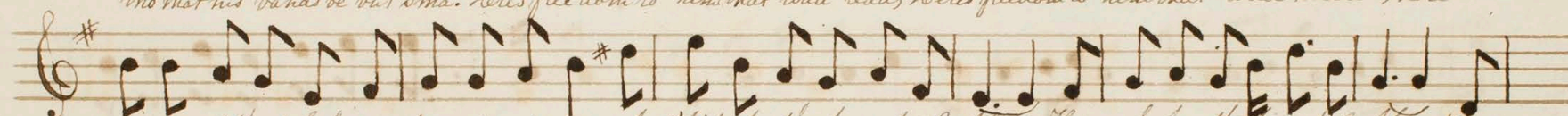
7



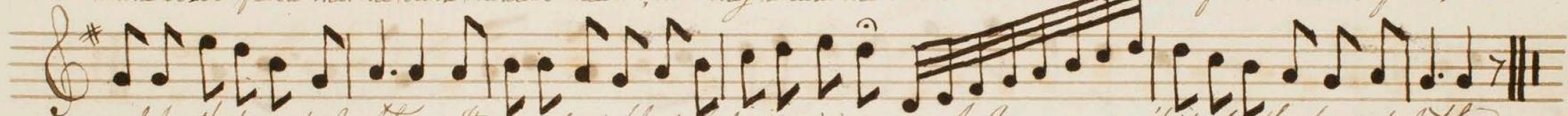
1<sup>st</sup> Verse. Here's a health to them that's awa, Here's a health to them that's a-wa. And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause May  
2<sup>d</sup> Verse. Here's a health to them that's awa, Here's a health to them that's a-wa, Here's health to Charlie the chief of the clan Al-



never good luck be their fa'. Its gude to be merry and wise Its gude to be honest and true Its  
who that his bands be but sma'. Here's free dom to him that wad read, Here's freedom to him that wad write There's

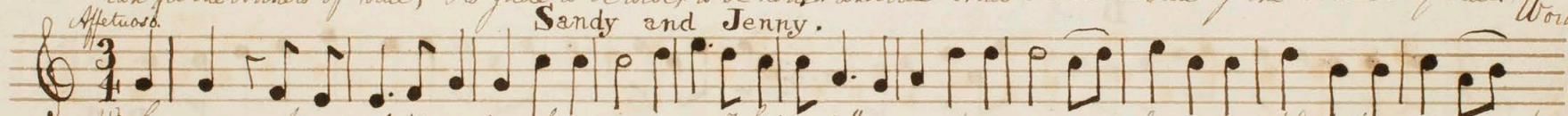


gude to support Cal-e-do-ni-a's cause, And bide by the bonnets of Blue. Hurrah for the bonnets of Blue, Hur-  
nane co'er fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they when the truth wad indite. Hurrah for the bonnets of blue, Hur-

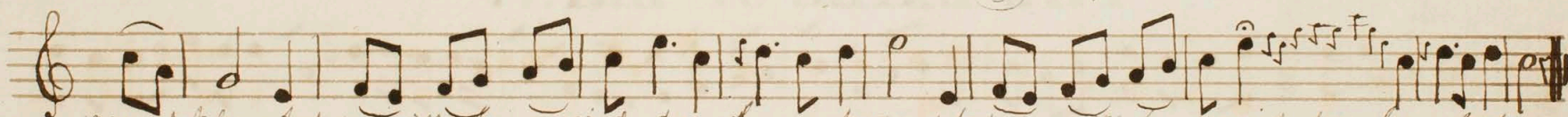


rah for the bonnets of blue, Its gude to support Cal-e-do-ni-a's cause, And ----- bide by the bonnets of blue.  
rah for the bonnets of blue, Its gude to be wise, to be honest and true And ----- bide by the bonnets of blue. Words, Page 63.

8

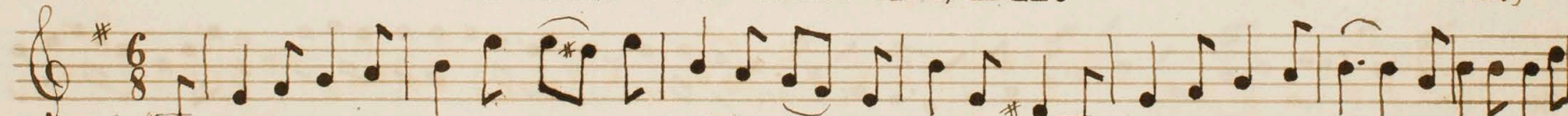


1<sup>st</sup> Come, come, bousie lapie, cried Sandy, awa, While mither is spinning and fathers afar; The folks are at work and the bairns

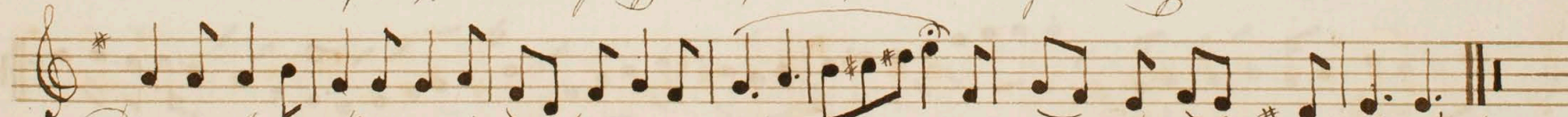


are at play, And we will be married, dear, Jennie to day. And we will be married dear Jenny, to day.  
**A MASON'S DAUGHTER.** Words, Page 182.

9



1<sup>st</sup> A mason's daughter, fair and young, The pride of all the virgin throng, Thus to her lover said - Though



Damon, I your flame approve, Your actions praise, your person love Yet still, Yet still I'll live a maid.



# WHALL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.

*Words additional at the commencement.*

10



\* 1<sup>st</sup>. There's news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mony forlie; For ships o' war hae just cam' in, An' landed roy-



al Char--lie; Come thro' the heather a-round him gather, Ye're a' the welcomer early; A-round him cling wi' a' your kin,



For wha'll be King but Charlie. Come thro' the heather, a-round him gather, Come Ronald come Donald come



a' the gither, An' crown your rightfu' lawfu' King, For wha'll be King --- but Char--lie.

11



*Amoroso.*

Drink to me only.

*Fine*

*Words, Page 127<sup>th</sup>*

D. C.

12



*Very Slow.*

## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

*Words, Page 32<sup>nd</sup>*



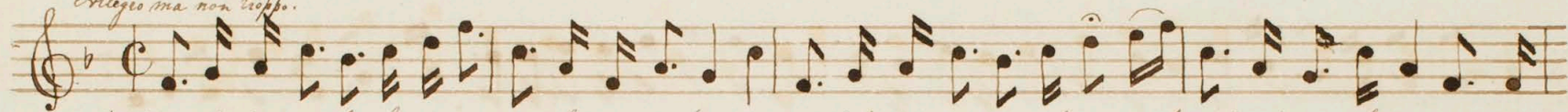
\* All those tunes that have not the whole of the words under the notes, and are referred to no page in the Songster, ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> the additional words, at the blank leaves, at the commencement of this book.



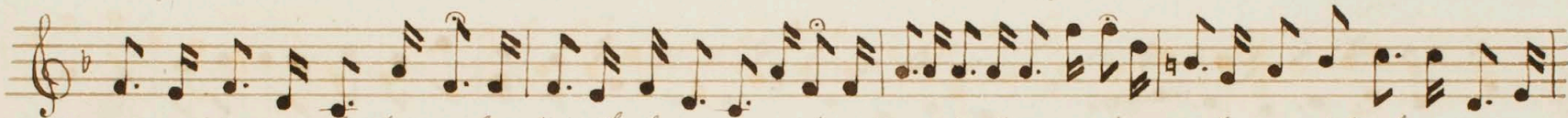
# THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

13

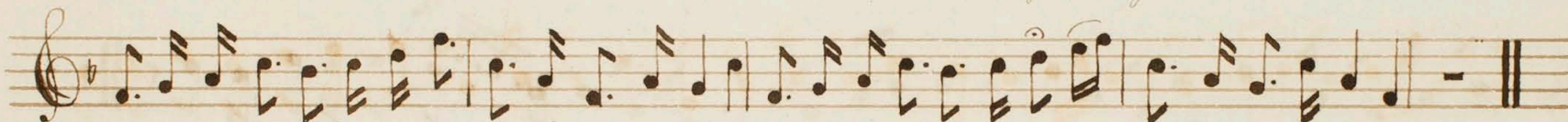
*Allegro ma non troppo.*



1<sup>st</sup> Hey the bonnie ho the bonnie Hey the bonnie breast-knots; Blithe & merry were they a', When they put on the breast-knots, There



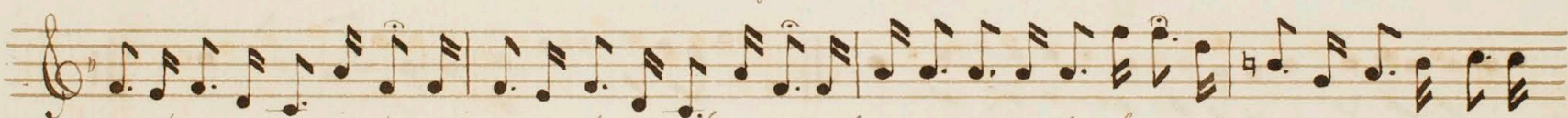
was a bridal in this town, And till't the lasses a' were bouni, Wi' mantle facings on their gown And some of them had breast-knots; Singing



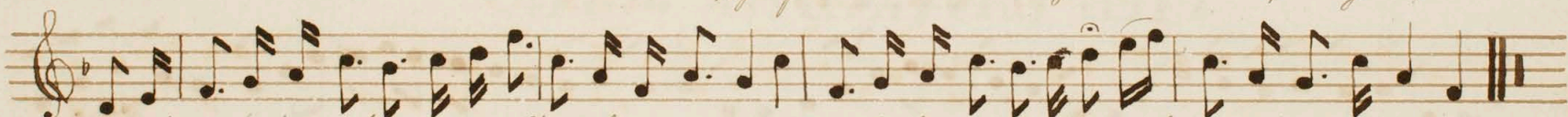
Hey the bonnie ho the bonnie Hey the bonnie breast-knot; Blithe and merry were they a', When they put on the breast-knots.



2<sup>o</sup> At nine o'clock the lads convene, Some clad in blue some clad in green, 'Wi' skinie' buckles in their sheen, And flowers upon their waistcoats; Out



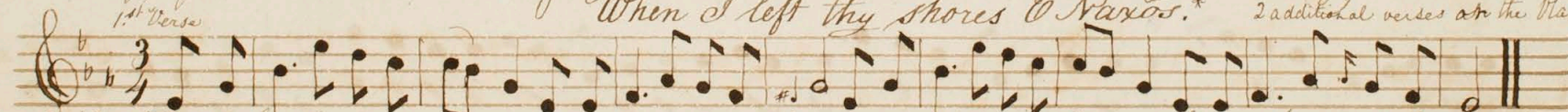
cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase, And wish'd the lassie happy days, And muckle tho't thy o'her claitheas, Especially the breast-knots,



\* Singing Hey the bonnie ho the bonnie Hey the bonnie breast-knots; Blithe and merry were they a' When they put on the breast-knots.

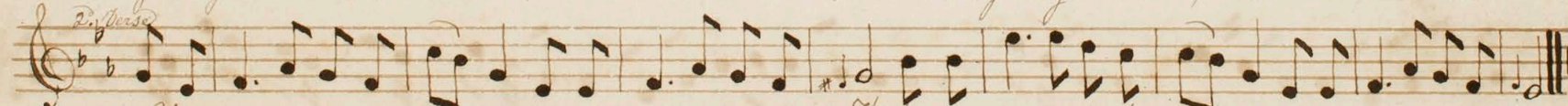
14

1<sup>st</sup> Verse



1<sup>st</sup> Verse When I left thy shores O Naxos, Not a tear in sorrow fell, Not a sigh or faltered accent, Spoke my bosom's struggling swell.

2<sup>nd</sup> Verse Yet my heart sunk chill within me, And I roard a hand as cold, When I thought thy shores O Naxos I should never more be hold,



\* 3<sup>rd</sup> Verse

The bride she was baith young & fair,  
Her neck outshone her pearl and rare;  
A satin snood bound up her hair  
And flowers among the breast-knots.

The bridegroom gar'd - but maist I ween,  
He priz'd the glance of love's blue een,  
That made him proud of his sweet fear  
When she got on her breast-knots. Singing Hey the bonnie ho.

2 additional verses at the blank leaves at the commencement.



# THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

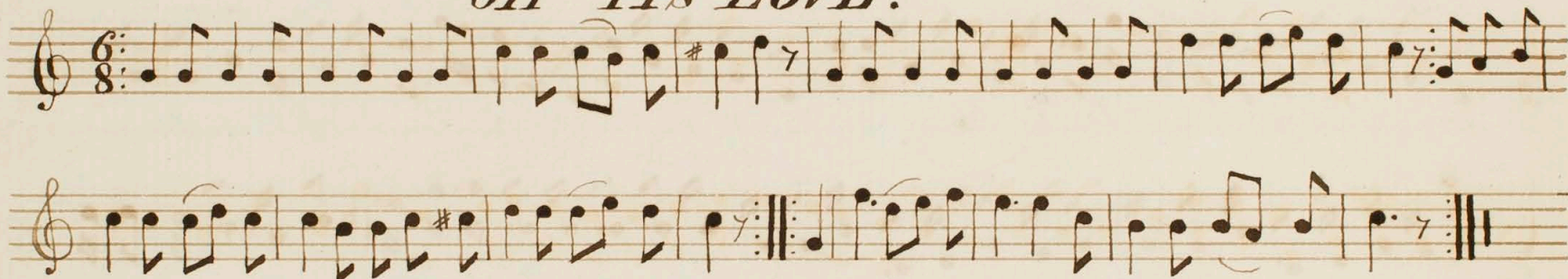
Words, Page 98.<sup>th</sup>

15



16

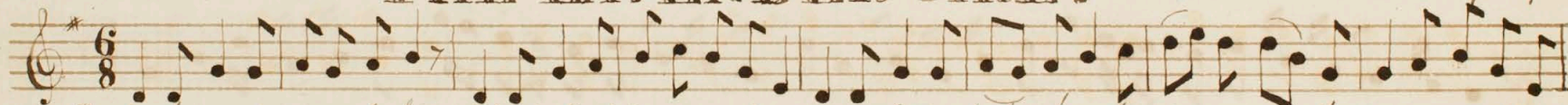
## OH 'TIS LOVE.



17

## THE LAVENDER GIRL.

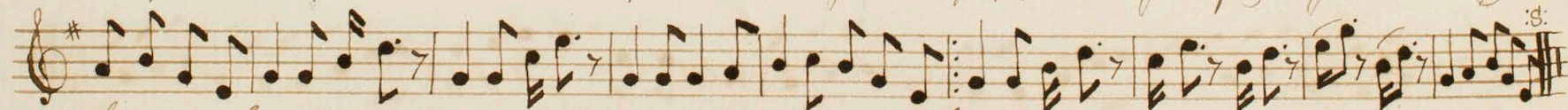
Words, Page 273.



*1<sup>st</sup> As the sun climbs over the hills, When the sky-larks sing so cheerily, I my little basket fill And trudge along the village merrily.*



*Light my bosom, light my heart, I but laugh at Cupid's dart; I keep my mother, myself & brother, By trudging along to sell my*

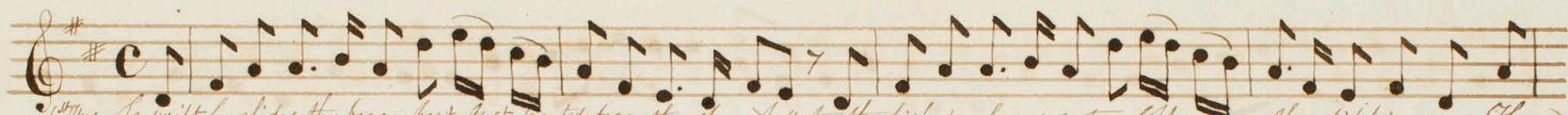


*lavender. Ladies try it, come & buy it, Never saw ye nicer lavender; Ladies try it, try it, try it, come, come, buy my lavender.*

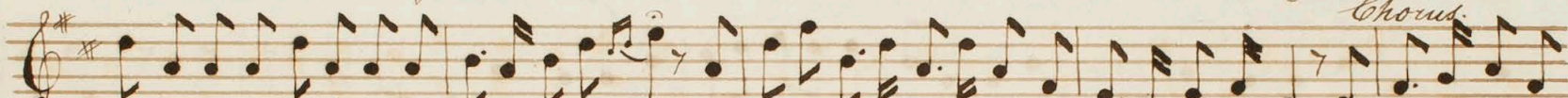


# THE BONNIE BOAT. *Remainder of the words at the commencement of this book.*

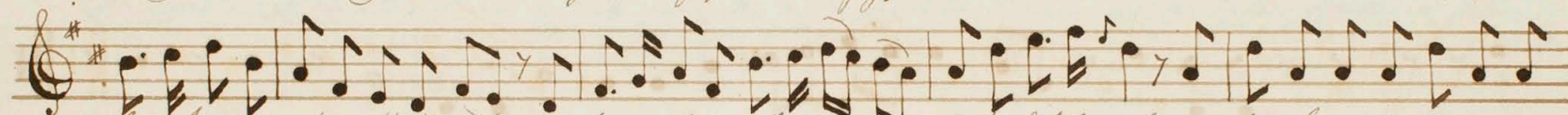
18



*1<sup>st</sup> Verse* So swift ly glides the bonny boat, just parted from the shore, And to the fisher's chorus note, soft moves the dipping oar. These  
*2<sup>d</sup>* The mermaid on her rock may sing, The witch may weave her charm, No water sprite nor eldritch thing The bonnie boat can harm. The



*Chorus.*  
 Hoils are borne with happy cheer, And ever may thy speed, While feeble age and helpless mate dear And tee der bairnies feed We cast our lines in  
 safely bears her scaly store Thro' many a stormy gale, While joyful shouts rise from the shore Her homeward prow to hail.



*Largo* Bay, our nets are floating wide; Our bonnie boat with yielding sway, Rocks lightly on the tide. And happy prove our daily lot.

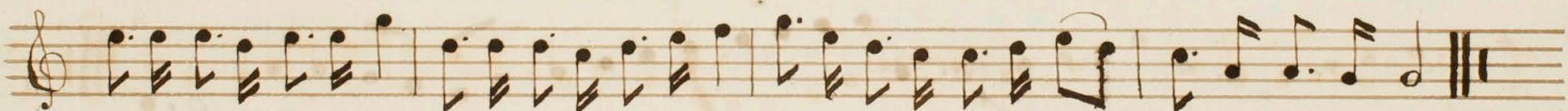
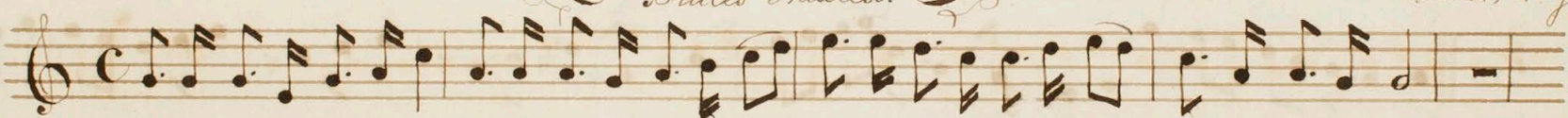


Up on the summer sea And blest on land our kindly cot, Where all our treasures be.

*Bruce's Address.*

*Words, Page 80<sup>th</sup>*

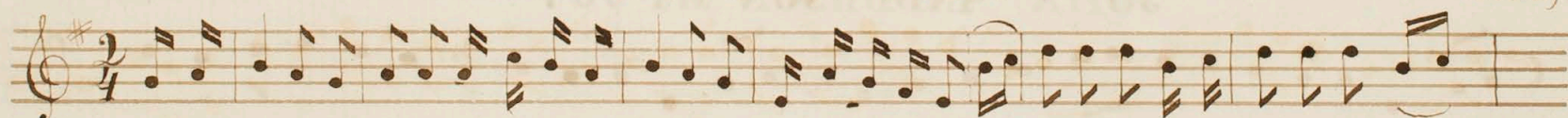
19



## THEY'RE A' NODDIN'.

*Words, Page 232<sup>d</sup>*

20



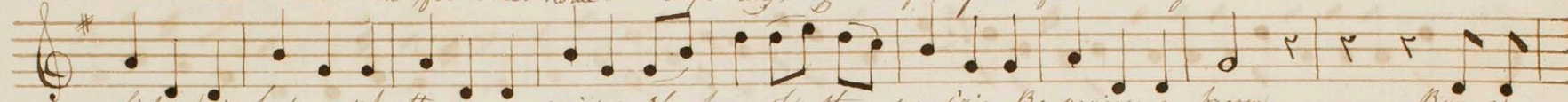


# BUY A BROOM.

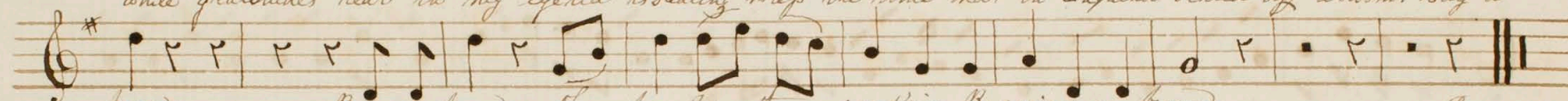
21



1<sup>st</sup> Verse From Deutschland I come with my light wares all laden, To dear happy England in summers gay bloom; They  
 2<sup>d</sup> " To brush away insects which sometimes annoy you, You'll find it quite handy to use night and day; And  
 3<sup>d</sup> " Ere winter comes on for sweet home soon departing, My toils for your favours again I'll resume. And



listen fair lady and pretty young maidens, Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba-variant a broom. Buy a  
 what better exercise pray can I employ you, Than to sweep all vexations in-truders away. Buy a  
 while gratitude's tear in my eyelid is stealing Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom. Buy a

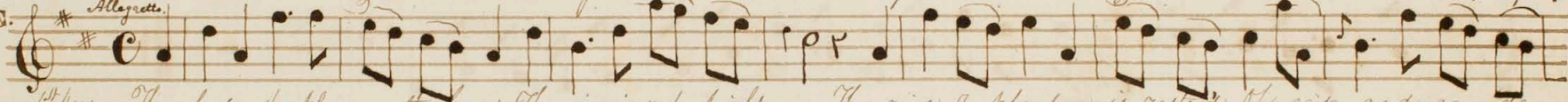


broom. Buy a broom. Oh buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom.  
 broom. Buy a broom. And sweep all vexations in-truders away.  
 broom. Buy a broom. Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom.

Remainder of  
 Words, Page 75.<sup>th</sup>

22

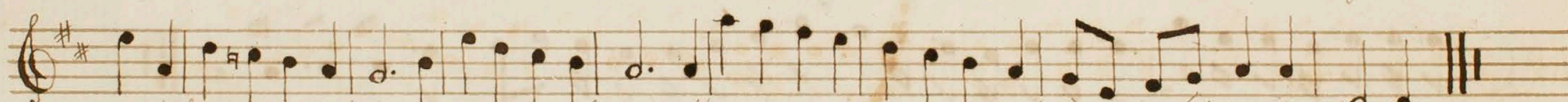
THE GLASSES SPARKLE.



1<sup>st</sup> Verse, The glasses sparkle on the board, The wine is ruby bright, The reign of pleasure is restored, Of ease and gay de-



light. The day is gone, the night's our own, Then let us feast the soul; If any pain, any pain, any pain or care re-

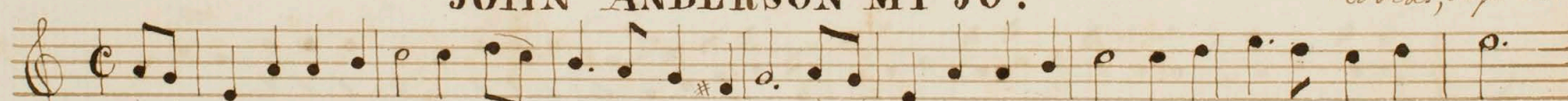


main, Why drown it in the bowl, Why drown it in the bowl, If any pain or care remains Why drown it in the bowl.

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

Words, Page 63.

23





# ALL'S WELL.

Words, Page 77.<sup>th</sup> 9

24

*Adagio.*

1<sup>st</sup> Vers. Deserted by the waning moon, When skies proclaim nights cheerless noon, On tower, fort, or heated ground,  
2<sup>d</sup> " Or sailing on the midnight deep, While weary misermates soundly sleep, The careful watch patrols the deck,

The sentry walks his lonely round, The sentry walks,  
To guard the ship from foes or wreck, To guard the ship,  
The sentry walks, his lonely round,  
To guard the ship from foes or wreck,  
his lonely round,  
from foes or wreck,

*Allegro.*

And should some footsteps haply stray Where caution marks the guarded way, Where caution marks the guarded way, the guarded way,  
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer, Some friendly voice salutes his ear, Some well known voice salutes his ear, Salutes his ear,  
Who goes there?  
What cheer?—

A friend.  
Above,  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight;  
All's well.  
All's well.  
Goodnight.  
Below,  
All, All's well.  
All, All's well.  
Stranger quickly tell,  
Brother quickly tell:  
The word?  
Below,  
All's well.  
All's well.  
The word?  
Above,  
All, All's well.  
All, All's well.



# BONNIE DOON.

Words, Page 65.<sup>th</sup>

25

*Slow.*

*1.<sup>st</sup> Ye banks & braes o' Bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom so fresh and fair? How can ye chant ye little birds, And I see weary fu' o' care?*

*Shouldn't break my heart; thou warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flow'ry thorn; Thou mind'st me o' departed joys, Departed never to return.*

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Words, Page 109.<sup>th</sup>

26

## The Knight Errant.

Words, Page 135.<sup>th</sup>

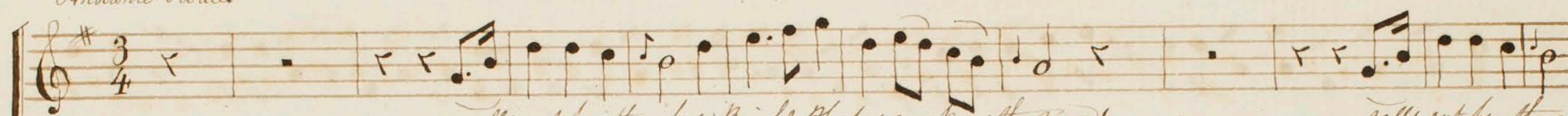
27



# HARK THE GODDESS DIANA!

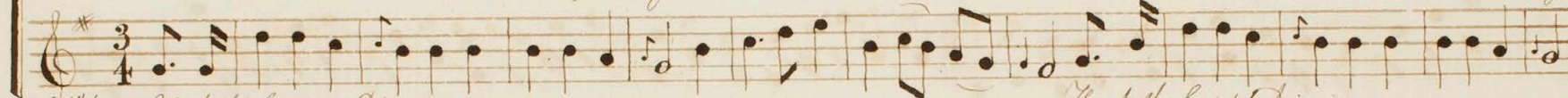
28

*Andante Vivace.*



*calls out for the chase, Bright Phoebus awakens the morn!  
and ripe for the game, we start to o'ertake the swift hare*

*calls out for the chase  
and ripe for the game*

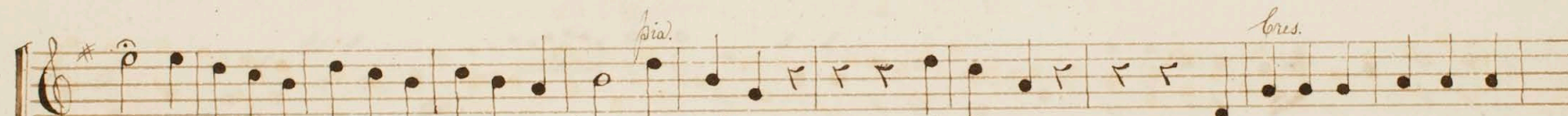
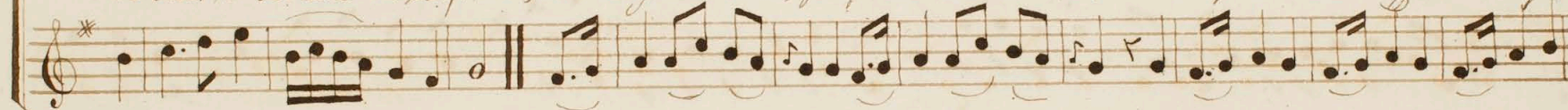


*1<sup>st</sup> vers. Hark the Goddess Diana!  
The dogs are unkenneled*

*Hark the Goddess Diana!  
The dogs are unkenneled*



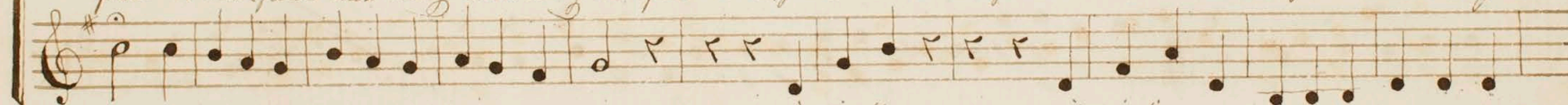
*Bright Phoebus awakens the morn: Rouse rouse from your slumbers, the hunting give place, The huntsman is winding is winding his  
we start to o'ertake the swift hare; All danger we scorn, for pleasure's our aim, To the fields then away then away let's re-*



*horn, The huntsman is winding is winding his horn, The huntsman  
pair To the fields then away then away let's repair To the fields*

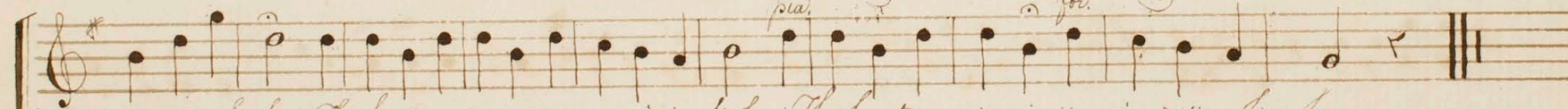
*The huntsman  
To the fields*

*The huntsman is winding, is  
To the fields then away then away let's re-*



*is winding,  
then away  
dia.*

*is winding  
then away  
you.*



*winding his horn, The huntsman is winding is winding his horn, The huntsman is winding is winding his horn.  
away let's repair, To the fields then away then away let's repair, To the fields then away then away let's repair.*

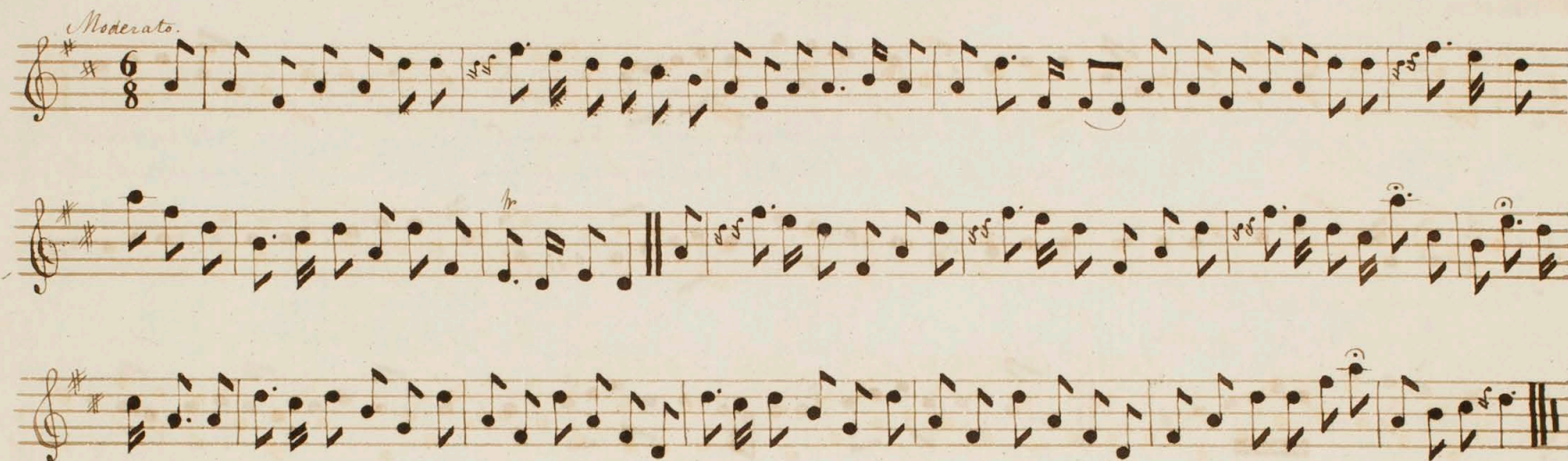




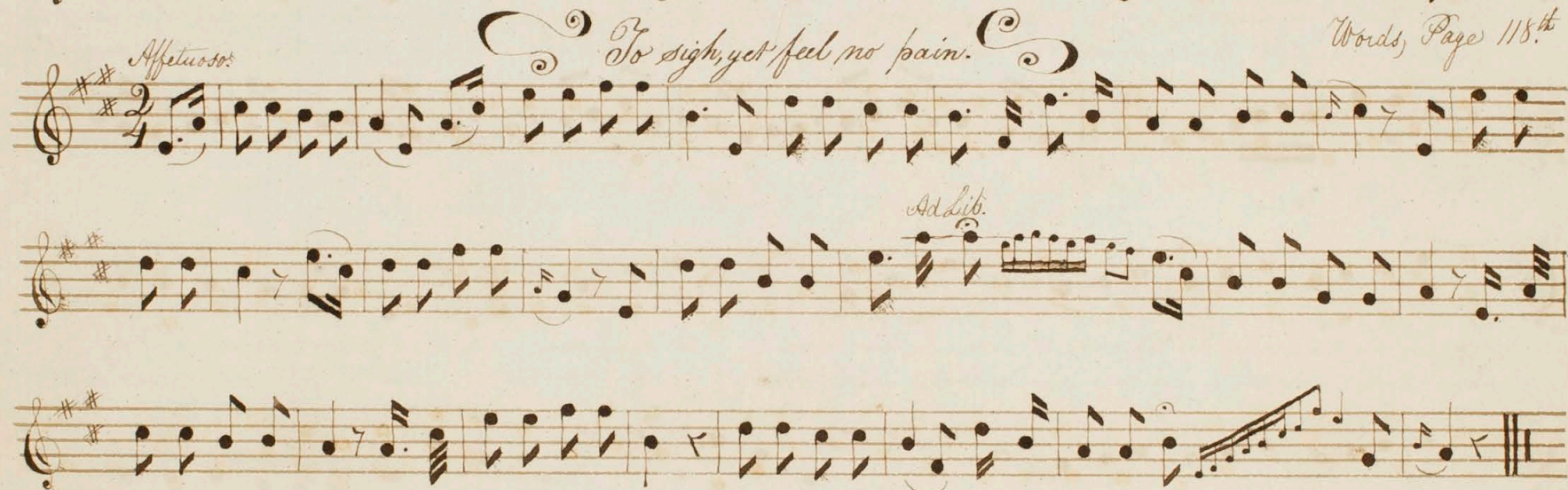
## THE GARLAND OF LOVE.

Words, Page 26.<sup>th</sup>

29



30



31

## WILT THOU SAY FAREWELL?

Words, Page 285.<sup>th</sup>




# BLUE-EYED MARY .


Words, Page 88<sup>th</sup> 13

32

*Espress.*



*1<sup>st</sup> base.* Come hither blue-eyed stranger, Say whither dost thou roam; O'er this wide world a wander, Hast thou no friends nor home?  
*3<sup>d</sup> "* Fair maid I'll buy thy flowers, And ease thy hapless lot, Still wet with mourning showers, I'll say forget me not.



*1<sup>st</sup> base.* They call'd me blue-eyed Mary, When friends and fortunes smile'd; But ah! how fortunes vary, I now am sorrow's child.  
 Kind sir, then take these posies, They're fading like my youth, But never like these roses Shall wither Mary's truth.

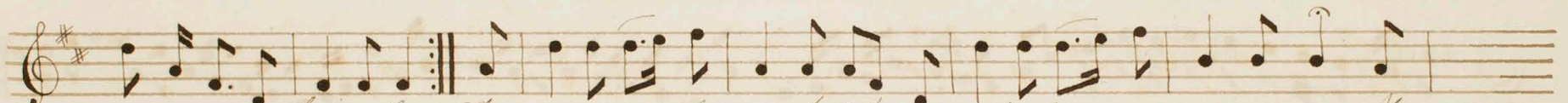
33

*Allegro.*




**THE CAMPBELL'S ARE COMIN'.** Remainder at the commencement.


*1<sup>st</sup> base.* The Campbells are comin' Oho! Oho! The Campbells are comin' Oho! Oho! The Campbells are comin' From bonnie Loch Lomond The Campbells



are comin' Oho! Oho! The great Argyle he goes before, He makes the guns and cannons roar; We



sound o' trumpet, fife, and drum; And banners waving in the sun. The Campbells are comin' Oho! Oho!

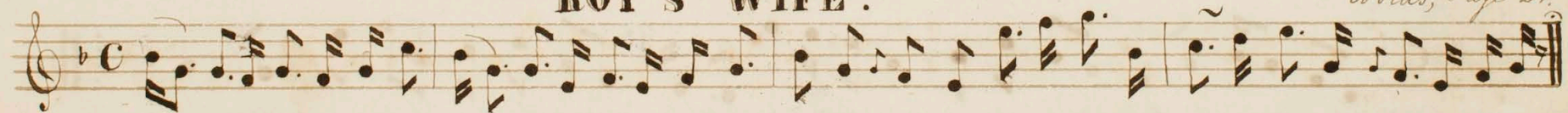
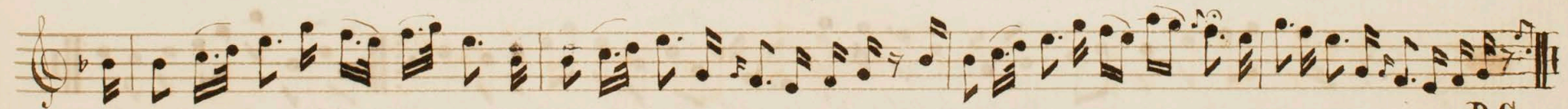


The Campbells are comin' Oho! Oho! The Campbells are comin' From bonnie Loch Lomond The Campbells are comin' Oho! Oho!

34

## ROY'S WIFE .

Words, Page 21<sup>st</sup>

D.C.

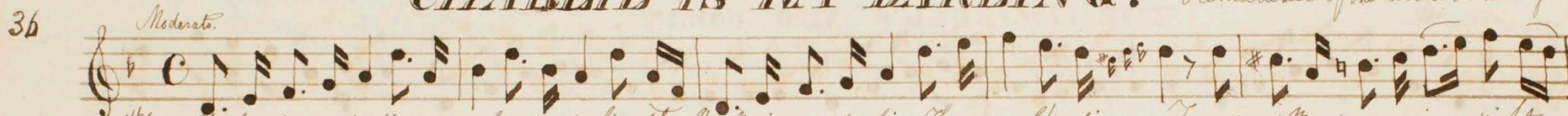


Oh! my love's like the red, red rose.

Words, Page 156.<sup>th</sup>

### CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Remainder of the words at the beginning.



1<sup>st</sup> Verse. Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling, Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier  
 2<sup>d</sup> " Charlie is my darling &c.

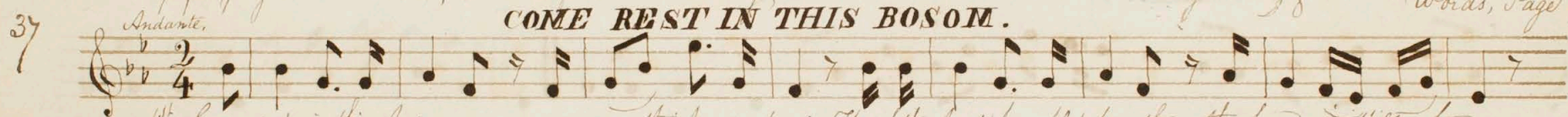
Twas on a Monday morning, right  
 as he came marching up the street. The



early in the year, When Charlie to our town the young Chevalier; Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling, Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.  
 pipes play'd loud and clear, And as the folk came hurrying out To meet the Chevalier, Charlie is my darling &c.

(Words, Page 96.<sup>th</sup>)

### COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

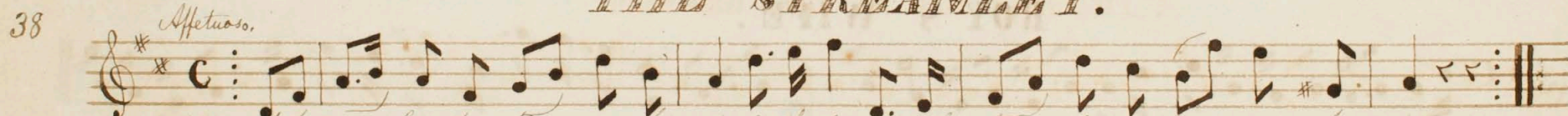


1<sup>st</sup> Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer! Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;

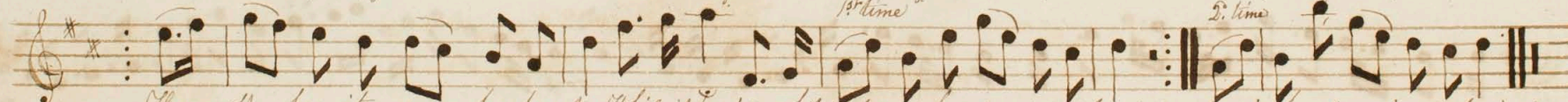


Here still is the smile that no cloud can ever cast, And the heart, and the hands, all thine own to the last.

### THE STREAMLET.



1<sup>st</sup> Verse. The stream-let that flow'd round her cot, All the charms, All the charms of my Emily knew;  
 2<sup>d</sup> " Believe me, the fond silver tide, knew from whence, knew from whence it deriv'd the fair piers,



How oft has its course been forgot, (While it paus'd, while it paus'd her dear image to view? paus'd her dear image to view?  
 For silently swelling with pride, It reflect'd her back to the skies. reflect'd her back to the skies.



# AULD ROBIN GRAY.

15  
Words, Page 208.<sup>th</sup>

39



## LOVE HAS EYES.

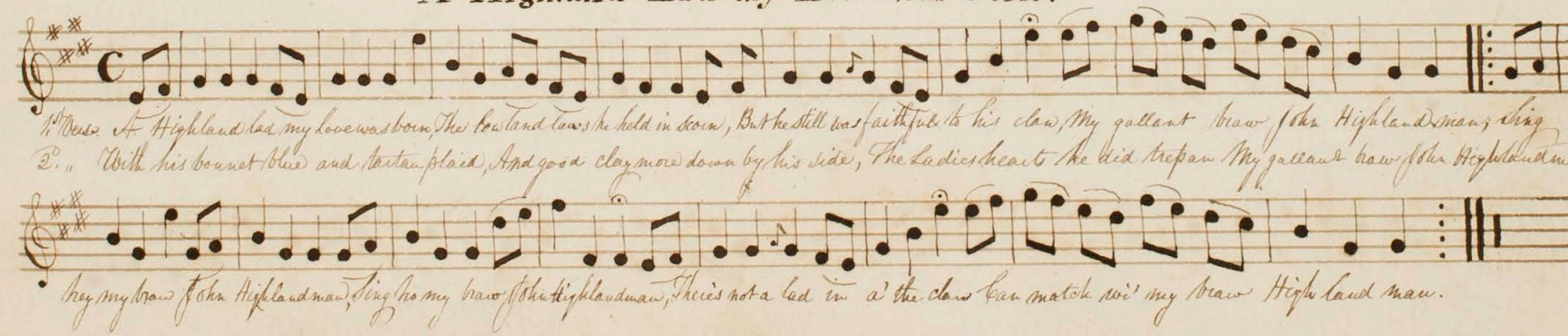
Words, Page 118.<sup>th</sup>

40



## A Highland Lad my Love was born.

41





## CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Words, Page 15<sup>th</sup>

42

*In rowing time.*

*1<sup>st</sup> Faintly as tolls the evening chime Our voices keep time and our oars keep time, Our voices keep time and our oars keep time.*

*Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. Now, brothers now, the stream runs fast The rapids are near and the daylight's past, The*

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Words, Page 13<sup>th</sup>

43

*Andante.*

## HAD I A HEART.

44

*Allegro.*

*1<sup>st</sup> Had I a heart for falsehood paid, I ne'er could injure you; For though your tongue no promise claim'd, Your charms would make me true.*  
*2<sup>d</sup> But when they learn that you have blest, Another with your heart, They'll bid aspiring passion rest, And act a better part.*

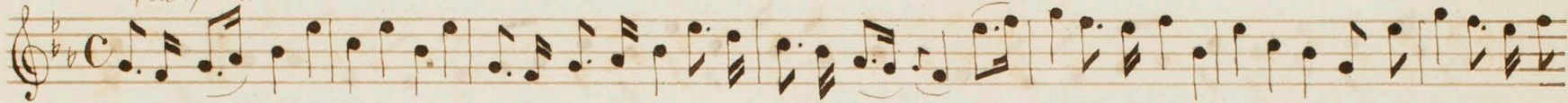
*To you no soul shall bear de- ceit, No stranger offer wrong; Friends in all the aged you'll meet, And lovers in the young.*  
*They lady, dread not here deceit, Nor fear to suffer wrong, For friends in all the aged you'll meet, And brothers in the young.*



# DRAW THE SWORD SCOTLAND.

45

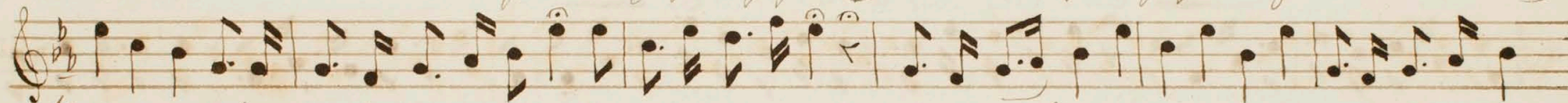
1.<sup>st</sup> Verse. Con Spirito.



Draw the sword Scotland, Scotland, Scotland, Over moor and mountain hath passed the warrior; The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing, Who needs not to draw



mons is nae son o' thine. The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering, The clans they are gathering by loch & by lea; The banners they are flying,



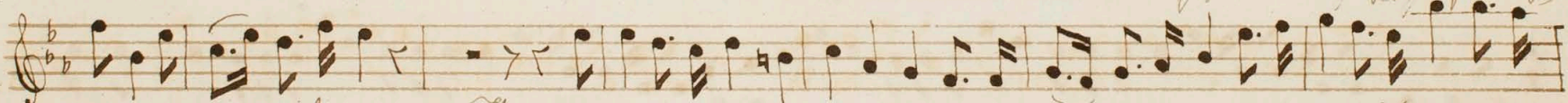
flying, flying, The banners they are flying that lead to victory! Draw the sword Scotland, Scotland, Scotland, Charge as ye have charged



in days of auld lang syne; Sound to the onset! the onset! the onset! He who but falters is nae son o' thine.



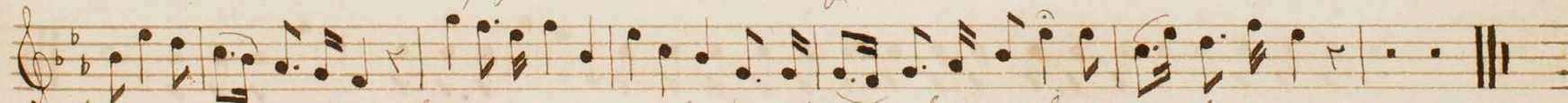
Sheathe the sword Scotland, Scotland, Scotland, Sheathe the sword Scotland, for dimm'd is its shine; Thy foes are fleeing fleeing fleeing, And who needs nae



mercy is nae son o' thine. The struggle is over, over, over, The struggle is over and victory won, There are tears for the



fallen! the fallen! the fallen! And glory for those who their duty have done. Sheathe the sword Scotland, Scotland Scotland With thy lov'd



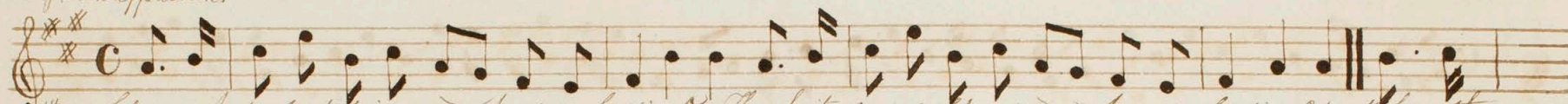
this to its laurels entwine; Time never shall part them, part them, part them, But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.



# KELVIN GROVE.

Remainder of the words at the beginning of this book.

46 *Slowly with expression.*



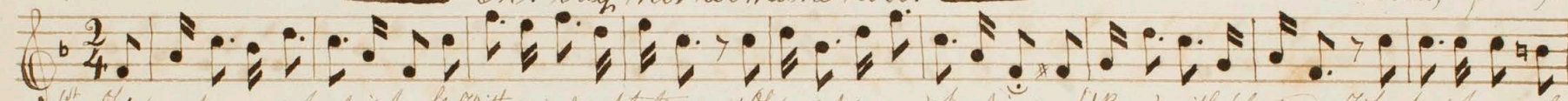
1<sup>st</sup> Let us haste to kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O, Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O, When the  
2<sup>d</sup> We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O, To the cave beside the rill, bonnie lassie O, When the



rose in all its pride, Paints the hollow dingle side, When the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O,  
glass rebound the call, Of the lofty water-fall, Through the mountains rocky race, bonnie lassie O,  
Oh! say not woman's love.

Words, Page 119. *th*

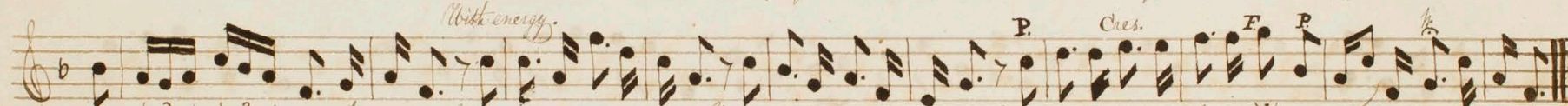
47



1<sup>st</sup> Oh! say not woman's heart is bought, With vain & empty treasure! Oh say not woman's heart is caught By every idle pleasure; When first her gentle



Bosom knows love's flame, It wanders never, Deep in heart the passion glows, deep in heart the passion glows, She loves, & loves, forever,

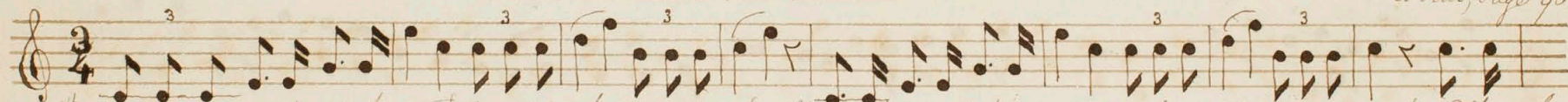


She loves and loves forever, She loves & loves forever She loves & loves forever Deep in her heart the passion glows, she loves & loves forever.

## THE TYROLESE SONG.

Words, Page 90. *th*

48



1<sup>st</sup> Merrily every bosom boundeth, Merrily oh! merrily oh! When the song of freedom soundeth, merrily oh! merrily oh! There the



warrior's arms, shed more splendour, There the maidens charms shine more tender, Every joy the land surroundeth, merrily oh! merrily



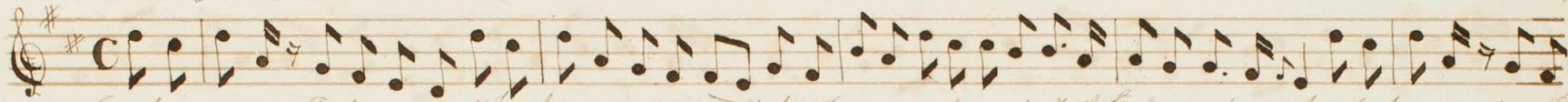
oh! Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily merrily, oh! merrily oh! merrily oh!



Words, Page 230. <sup>19</sup>

49

*Andantino con anima.*



I've been roaming, I've been roaming, Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm coming, & I'm coming, With its pearls upon my feet. I've been roaming, I've been



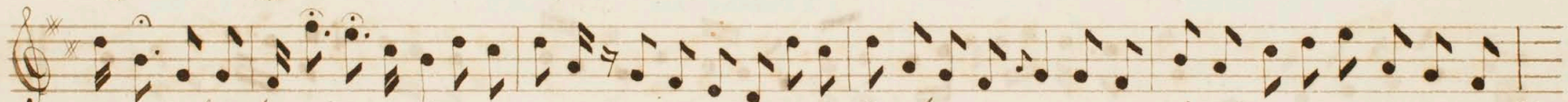
roaming When the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm coming & I'm coming, With its pearls upon my feet. I've been roaming I've been roaming, O'er the road



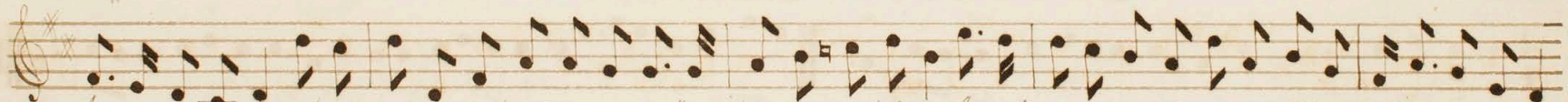
and dilly fair, And I'm coming, and I'm coming With its blossoms in my hair; I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the meadow-dew is sweet, And I'm



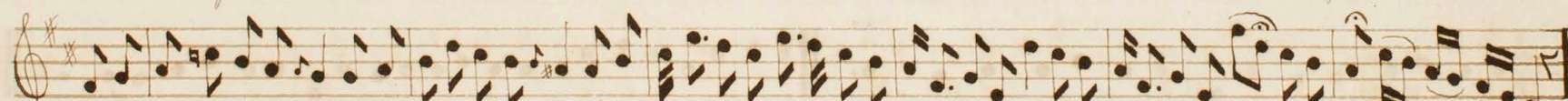
coming & I'm coming, With its pearls upon my feet. I've been roaming I've been roaming When the honey suckle creeps, And I'm coming & I'm



coming With its Kisses on my lips, I've been roaming I've been roaming Where the meadow dew is sweet And I'm coming & I'm coming With its



pearls upon my feet; I've been wailing, I've been wailing Over hills and over plain And I'm coming if I'm coming, To my bower back again,

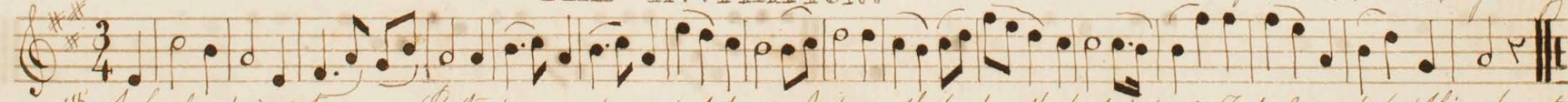


Over hill & over plain To my bower back again And I'm coming & I'm coming To my bower back again, To my bower back again, To my bower back again.

THE INVITATION.

Remainder of the words at the beginning

50



1<sup>st</sup> A lonely cot is all I own: It stands on yonder verdant down; And near the brook; - the brook is small, Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall!

2<sup>d</sup>. A spreading beech uprears its head, And half conceals the humble shed; From chilling winds a safe retreat, A refuge from the noontide heat.



51

1.<sup>st</sup> This world is all a fleeting show, For mans illusion given, This world is all a fleeting show, For mans il-  
lusion given; The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, Deceitful shine, deceitful  
flow, There's nothing true but heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n.

## THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Words, Page 124.<sup>th</sup>

52

1.<sup>st</sup> Loud roared the dreadful thunder, The rain a deluge show'd; The clouds were rent asunder, By lightnings vivid powers.  
The night both dark & stark, Our poor devoted bark, Till next day, Thro' she lay, In the bay of Biscay, O!

53

Andante.

## BOUNDING BILLOWS.

1.<sup>st</sup> Bounding billows cease your motion, Bear me not so swift o'er; Cease thy raging foamy ocean, Cease thy roaring foamy ocean I will tempt thy rage no more.  
2.<sup>nd</sup> Ah! within my bosom beating, Varying passions wildly reign; Love with proud resentment meeting, Love & Throbs by turns with joy and pain.  
3.<sup>rd</sup> Proud has been my fatal passion, Proud my injured heart shall be; While each thought and inclination, While ye still shall prove me worthy thee.  
4.<sup>th</sup> Yet believe no servile passion, Seeks to chain thy sagrant mind; Well I know thy inclination, Well I know ye. (Roaring as the passing wind.)  
5.<sup>th</sup> Far I go where fate may lead me, Far across the troubled deep, Where no stranger's ear can heed me, Where no eye for me shall weep.  
6.<sup>th</sup> Not one sigh, shall tell my story, Not one tear my cheek shall stain, Silent grief shall be my glory, Silent ye, Grief that stoops not to complain.  
7.<sup>th</sup> When with thee, what it could harm me, Thou couldst every pang assuage, But when absent, nought could charm me, But ye. Every moment seem'd an age.



## ISABEL.

Words, Page 196.<sup>th</sup>

54

1<sup>st</sup> Wake dearest wake! & a-gain united, We'll rove by yonder sea; And where our first vows of love were plighted, Our last farewell shall be: There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles delighted; And then I'll part from thee (There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles delighted)

And then I'll part from thee Isabel! Isabel! Isabel! One look though that look be in sorrow; Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare hence I shall wander tomorrow: Ah me! Ah me!

*Alto 1<sup>ro</sup>*

55

## FANNY DEAREST.

Words, Page 286.<sup>th</sup>

1<sup>st</sup> Oh! had I leisure to sigh and moun Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh, And every smile on my cheek should turn To tears when thou art nigh; But between love, & wine, & sleep, So busy a life I live - That even the time it would take to weep, 's more than my heart can give; Then bid me not to despair & pine, Fanny, dearest of all the dears, The love that's ordered to bathe in wine, would be sure to take cold in tears; The love that's ordered to bathe in wine, would be sure to take cold in tears.



## AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Words, Page 130th

56

1<sup>st</sup> Away with melancholy, Nor doleful changes ring, On life & human folly, But merrily merrily, sing, fal la.

Come on ye rosy hours, Gay smiling moments bring; We'll strew the way with flowers of merrily merrily sing fal la. Then

what's the use of sighing, While time is on the wing; Can we prevent his flying? Then merrily merrily sing fal la.

## THE WILLOW.

Words, Page 73.

57

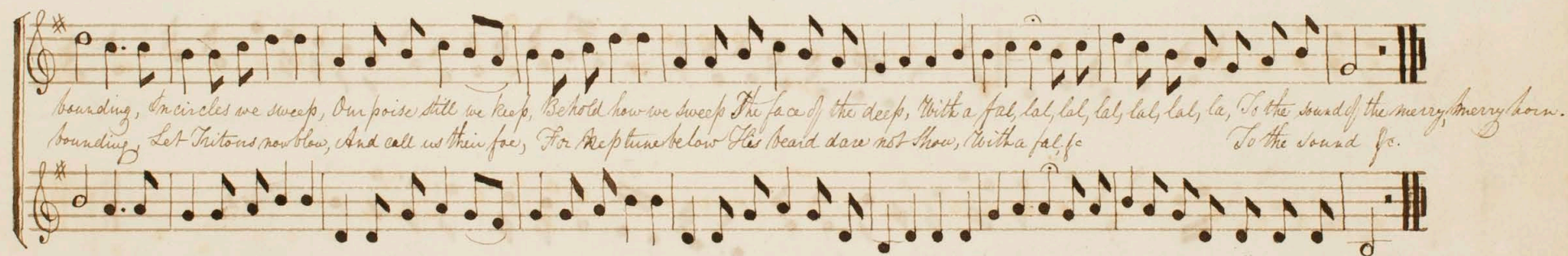
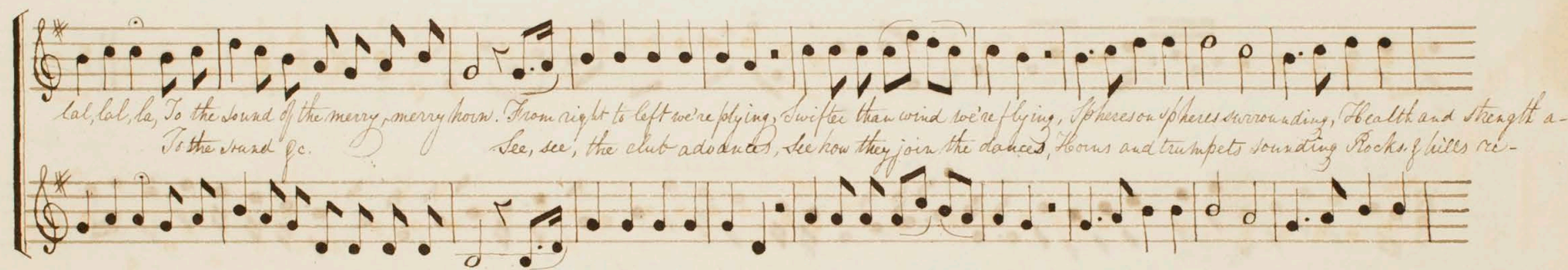
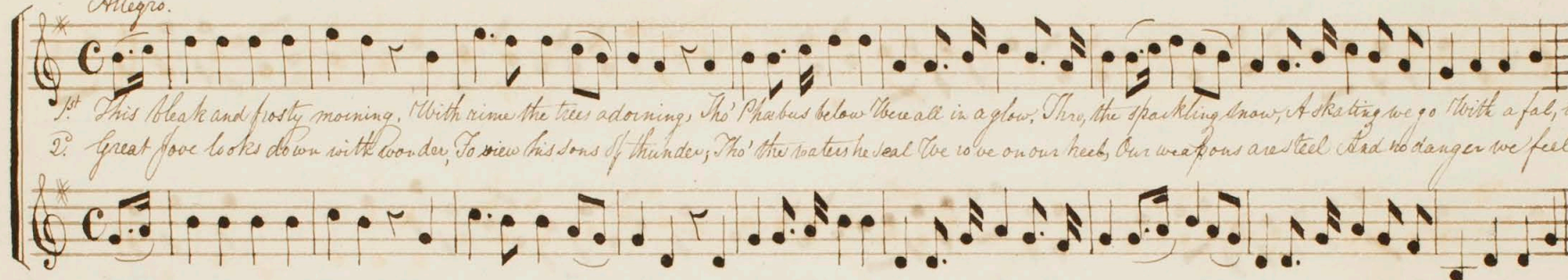
*Larghetto.*

1<sup>st</sup> Oh! take me to your arms my love, For hear the wind doth blow; Oh! take me to your arms my love, For hear the wind doth blow! She hears me not,  
 she cares not, Nor will she list to me, And here I lie, in misery, Beneath the willow tree. Willow, willow, willow, Beneath the willow tree.



58

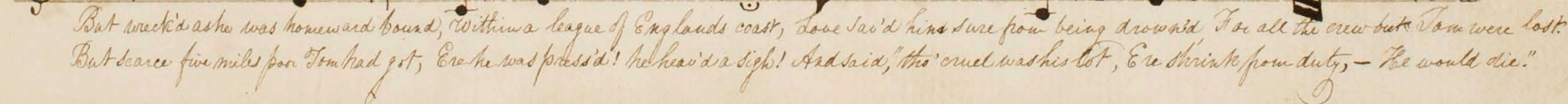
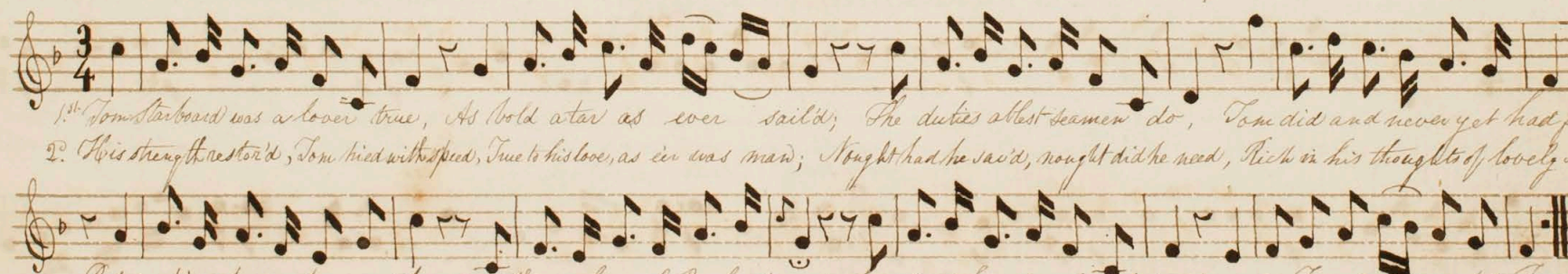
## THE SKATERS SONG.

*Allegro.*

## TOM STARBOARD.

Remainder of the words at the commencement of this book.

59









63

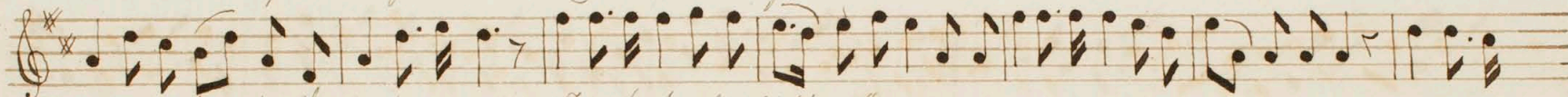
# WREATHS FOR THE CHIEFTAIN.

Remainder of the words at the beginning of this book.

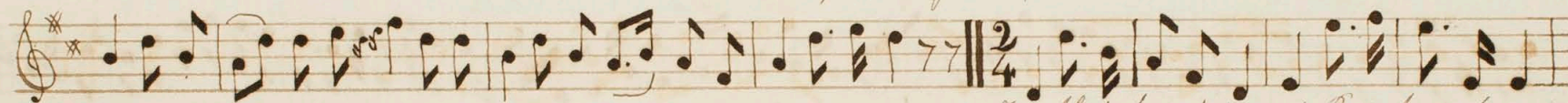
TEMPO DI MARCHIA.



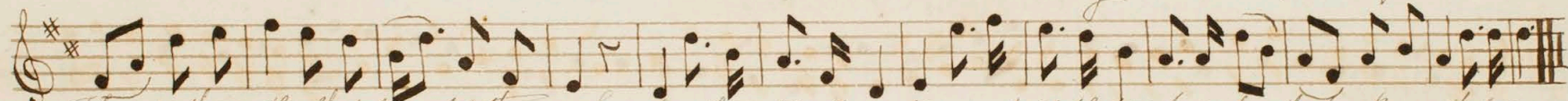
1<sup>st</sup> Wreaths for the Chieftain we honour who planted The olive of peace in the soil that he gained, Freeman his praise, 'neath its shelter have shouted, Se-  
2<sup>d</sup> Hosannas the high vault of heaven ascending, Hallow the day when our Chieftain was born! The olive he planted revives, and is bleeding, Its



care in its branches the ring dove remain'd. Wreaths for the Chieftain &c.  
leaves with the laurel that blooms on his urn; Hosannas the high vault &c.



War blasts have scatter'd it, Rude hands have scatter'd it,  
Ne'er may the sacred tree, Shorn of its verdant boughs,



Flown is the nestle that denanted there. Long from the pelting storm, None sought its blighted form, Save the lone Raven that scream'd in despair.  
Ne'er may the blast that hath scatter'd it blow, Heav'n send it happy, Earth lend it sap anew, Gaily to burgeon and broadly to grow.

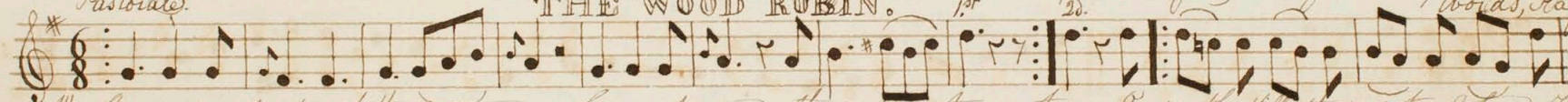
64

Pastorale.

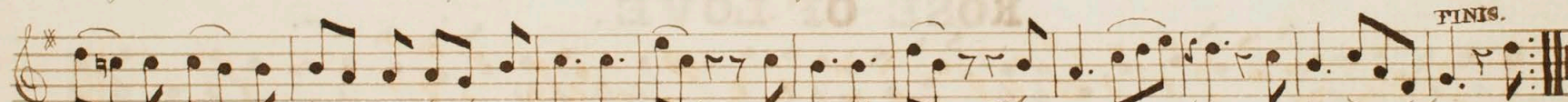
## THE WOOD ROBIN.

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>

Words, Page 191<sup>st</sup>



1<sup>st</sup> Stay, sweet enchanter of the grove, Leave not so soon, thy native tree, tree; O warble still those notes of love, While



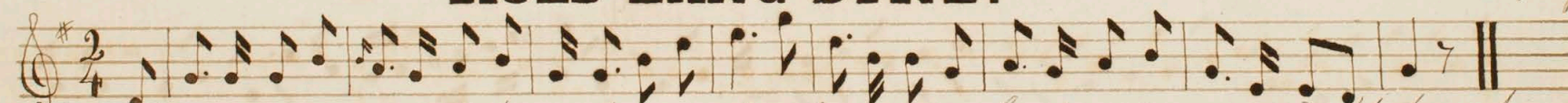
my fond heart responds to thee, O warble still those notes of love, While my fond heart responds to thee. O

FINIS.

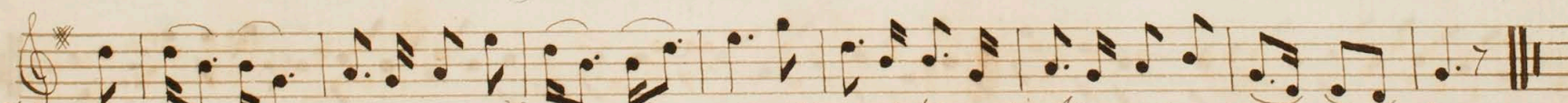
Words, Page 87<sup>th</sup>

## AULD LANG SYNE.

65



1<sup>st</sup> Should auld acquaintances be forgot, And never brought to mind, Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of lang syne



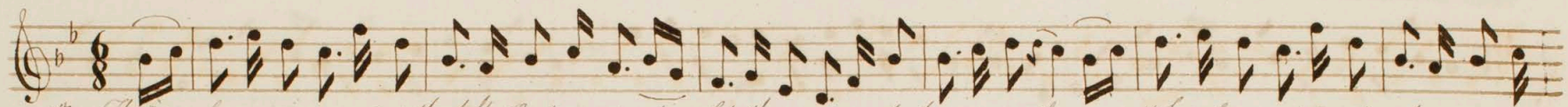
Chorus: For auld lang syne my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.



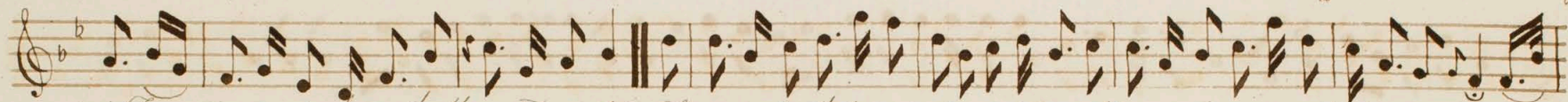
# THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Words, Page 33.

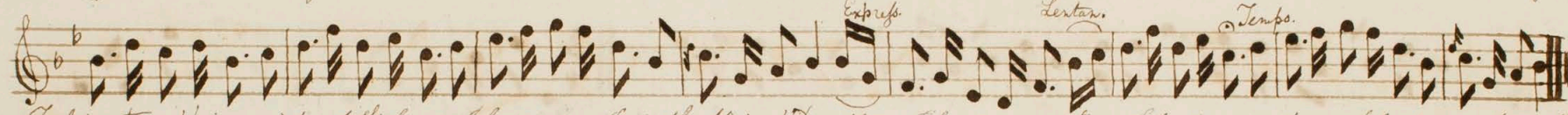
66



1<sup>st</sup> The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Benlomond, And left th'ared clouds to preside o'er the scene, While lanely I stray'd in the calm summer glow-



ming, To muse on sweet Jessie the flower o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its soft faulting blossoms, And sweet is the birch, wi' its mantle o' green;

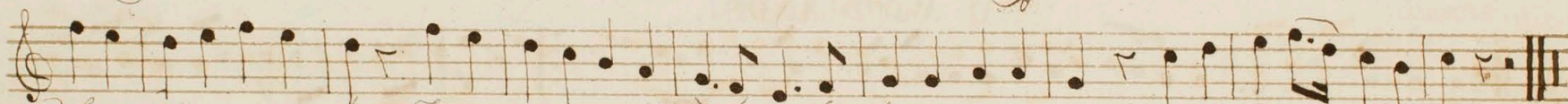


Yet sweeter, an' fairer, an' dear to this bosom, Bloosely young Jessie the flower o' Dumblane, Bloosely young Jessie, Bloosely young Jessie, Bloosely young Jessie the flower o' *(Dumblane.)*

67

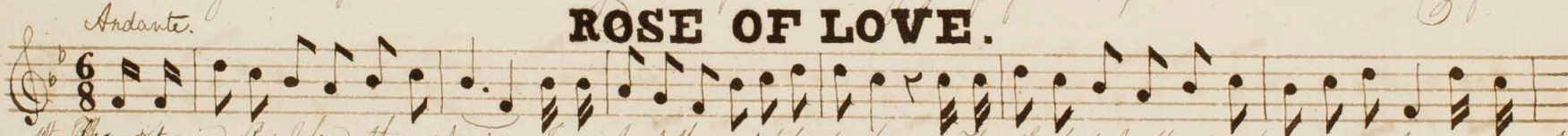


1<sup>st</sup> In my cottages near the wood, Health & Laura still combine, Me to bless with e'ry good, That can render life divine.

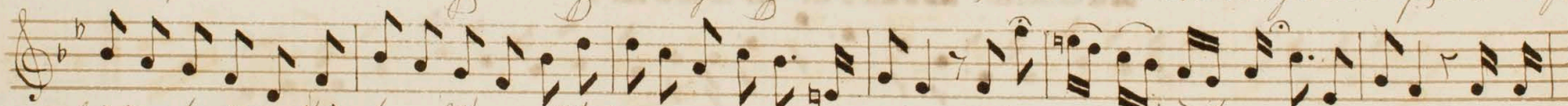


O Laura, Oh! my charmer fair, Time can ne'er my love impair; Still the joys of life we'll prove, Blest with liberty & love.

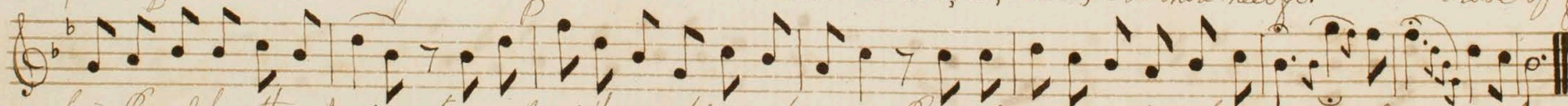
68



1<sup>st</sup> Thou art mine, Rose of love, thou art mine; In my heart thou art planted forever, There the best of affections shall round thee entwined, As the  
2<sup>d</sup> Thou art planted here ne'er to decay, From my heart naught thy beauties can sever; And should tears, like bright dew drops, at dawn of the day,



elm is embrac'd in th' embrace of the vine, Which is never relinquish'd, no, never, (Which is never relinquish'd, no, never; Rose of L.  
Empearl thy sweet bloom, I will kiss them away, For thou ne'er shalt know sorrow, no, never, For thou ne'er se. Rose of se.



love, Rose of love thou art mine In my heart thou art planted forever; Rose of love, Rose of love thou art mine Rose of love thou art mine.



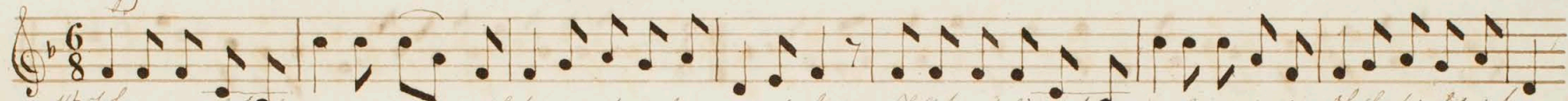
# THE LEGACY.

Remainder of the words at the beginning.

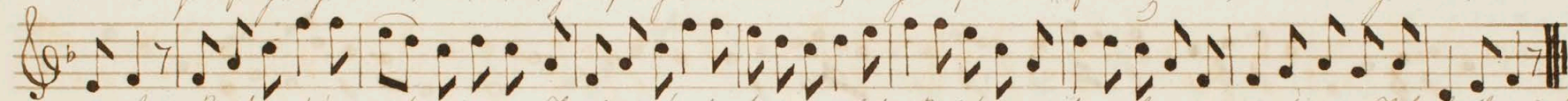
27

69

*Lively.*



1<sup>st</sup> When in death I shall calm recline, Oh bear my heart to my mistress dear; Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine Of the brightest hue while it liv'd.  
2<sup>d</sup> When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my thump to your ancient hall; Hang it up at that friendly door, Where weary travellers love to call.

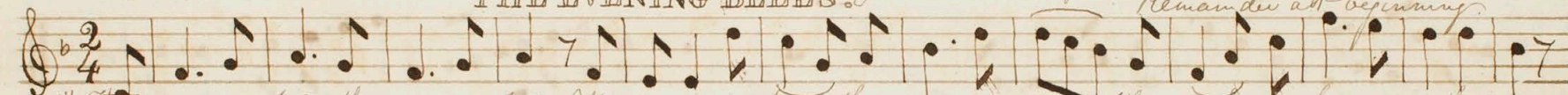


good here; Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To sully a heart so brilliant flight; But balmy drops of the red grape borrow, To bathe the cheek from morn till night.  
When if some bard who roams forsaken, Revive its soft notes in passing along, Th' let not one thought of its master wake, Your warmest smile for the child of song.

## THE EVENING BELLS.

Remainder at beginning.

70



1<sup>st</sup> Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale, their music tells Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,  
2<sup>d</sup> Those joyous hours are past away, And many a heart that then was gay, Within the tomb now darkly dwells,



When last I heard their soothing chime, Of youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime.  
And hears no more those evening bells; Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

*Moderato.*

## THE WOODLANDS.

71



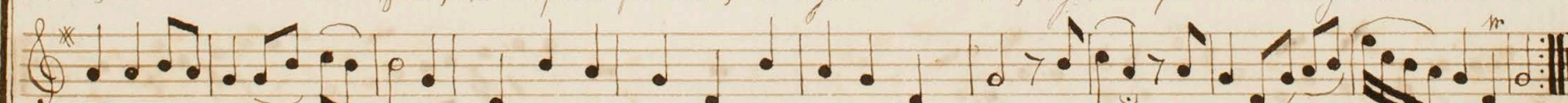
1<sup>st</sup> How sweet in the woodlands with fleet hound and horn, To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn; But hard is the  
2<sup>d</sup> Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain, More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain, To pity o'er take



with fleet hound and horn, &c.  
the nymph to regain, &c.



chase my fond heart must pursue, For Daphne, fair Daphne is lost to my view, she's lost, fair Daphne is lost to my view.  
her, who wounds as she flies; Tho Daphne's pursued, tis Myrtilla that dies, Myrtill- pursued tis Myrtilla that dies.

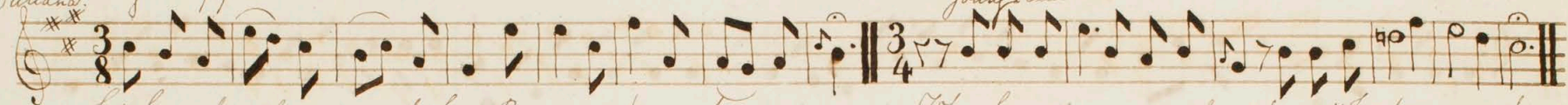




# THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

72 *Juliana*, Allegretto. p.p.

*Young Heartwell*



Let him who sighs in sadness here, Rejoice and know a friend is near. What heavenly sounds are those I hear? What being comes the gloom to cheer?

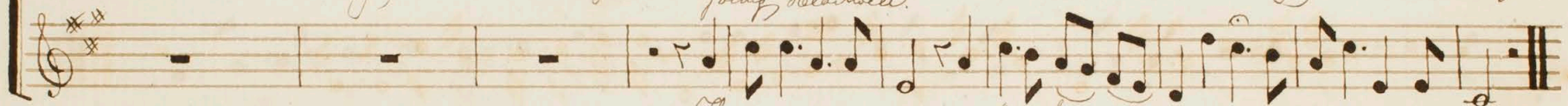


When in the storm on a blivious coast, The night-watch guards his weary post, From thoughts of danger free, He marks some vessels dusky form, And

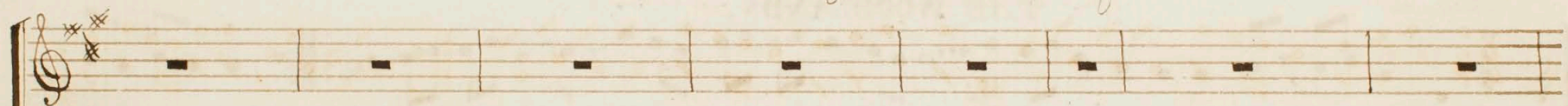


hears amid the howling storm, The minute gun at sea. And hears amid the howling storm, The minute gun at sea.

*Young Heartwell*



The minute gun at sea. And hears go.

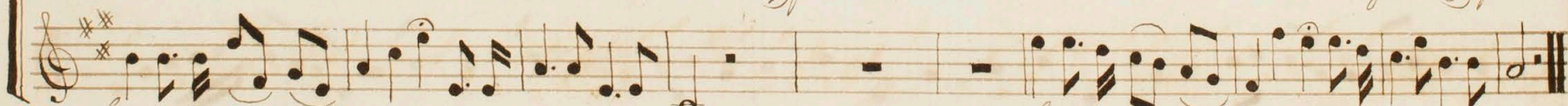


Swift on the shore, a hardy few, The life boat man with a gallant, gallant crew, And dare the dangerous wave. Thro' the wild surf they cleave their way,

*Juliana*



For they go the crew to save, Lost in the foam nor know dismay, For they go the crew to save.



Lost, in the foam, nor know dismay, For they go the crew to save.

Lost in the foam &c.



*Allegretto.*

But oh! what rapture fills each breast,  
Then landed safe what joys to tell of all the dangers that befel. Then is  
Of the hapless crew of the ship distressed. Then landed safe &c.

*Tempo.**Ad Lib.*

heard no more,  
Then is heard no more by the watch on the shore the minute gun at sea.  
By the watch on the shore, Then is heard &c.

## BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

Words, Page 58.

*Affettuoso.*

1<sup>st</sup> Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone? Oh where, tell me where, &c. He's gone with streaming banners where all

noble deeds are done, And tis oh, in my heart, that I wish him safe at home! He's gone with streaming banners where all noble deeds are done &c.



## SAD BEATS THE DRUM.

74 *Mary Andante Moderato.*

*Cres.*

Sad beats the drum upon my aching heart, sad strikes the sound that bids me hence depart. Ah! can I from you stray! One kiss of them away: Go to your duty go! One kiss go.

*Finclair*

One kiss of them away one kiss, and then away.

*Words, Pages 71<sup>th</sup>.*

## BEGONE DULL CARE.

75 *Andante Moderato.*

Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me; Begone dull care, thou & I shall never agree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And

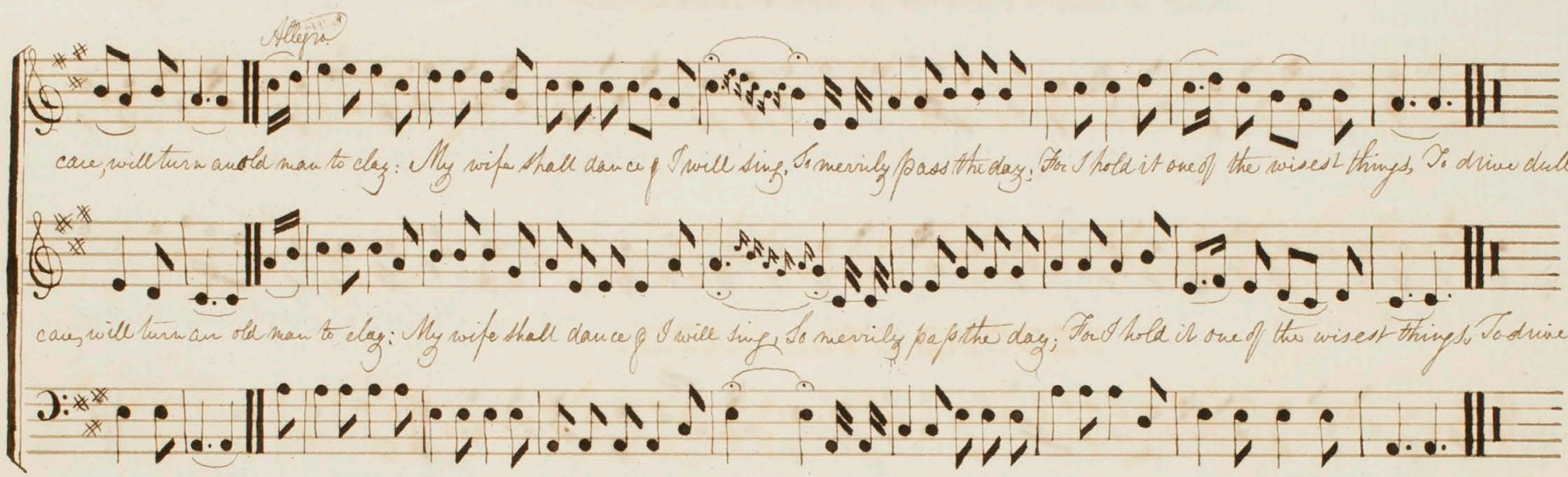
Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me; Begone dull care, thou and I shall never agree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And

fair thou wouldst me kill; But in faith, dull care, Thou never shalt have thy will. For 'tis too much care will make a young man grey; And too much

fair thou wouldst me kill; But in faith, dull care, Thou never shalt have thy will. For 'tis too much care will make a young man grey; And too much



*Allegro*



care, will turn an old man to clay: My wife shall dance & I will sing, So merrily pass the day, For I hold it one of the wisest things, To drive dull care away.

76

*1st Voice, Hostess Piu mosso* **OH, LADY FAIR** *Second Voice, Lady*



*1st* Oh, Lady fair! where art thou roaming? The sun has sunk, the night is coming. Stranger I go o'er moor & mountain, To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.  
*2nd* Fair Lady stay, till morning blushes, I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes. Oh! Stranger, when my beads I'm counting, I'll bless thy name at Agnes' altar.  
*3rd* Fountain: And who is the man with his white locks flowing, Oh Lady fair! where is he going? A wandering pilgrim, weak & falter,  
Fountain: Thou Pilgrim, turn and rest thy sorrow, I'll go to Agnes' shrine tomorrow. Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,  
**TRIO.**  
Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing, Drear and dark's the way you're going.  
Strew then, Oh! strew our bed of rushes, Here we will rest till morning blushes.  
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.  
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.



## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Words, Page 234.4

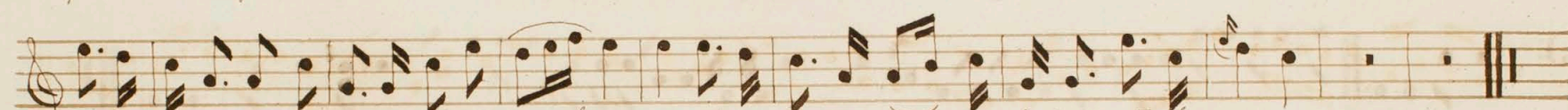
77

*Affettuoso.*

1<sup>st</sup> Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumbers chain has bound me, Fond memory brings the light of other days around me: The smiles, the tears,



of childhoods years, The words of love then spoken, The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken! Thus

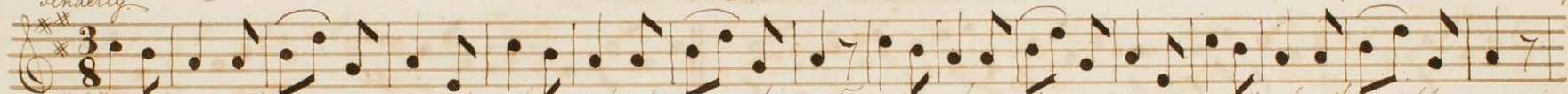


in the stilly night, Ere slumbers chain has bound me, Sad memory brings the light of other days around me.

**HOURS THERE WERE.**

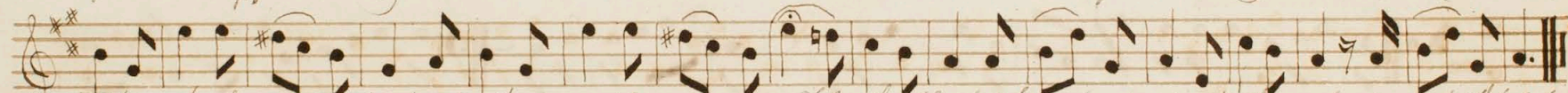
The Rest of the words at the beginning.

78

*Tenderly.*

1<sup>st</sup> Hours there were to memory dearest, Than the sun bright scenes of day; Friends were fonder, joys were nearer, But alas they've fled away.

2<sup>d</sup> Oft when evening faded mildly, O'er the wave our bark would ride; Then we've heard the night bird wildly Breathe his vesper tale of love.



Oh! 'twas when the moonlight playing, O'er the valleys silent grove, Told the blissful hour for straying, With my fond, my faithful love. Songs like his, my love would sing me, Songs that wobble round me yet. Ah! but where does memory bring me, Scenes like those I must forget.

*Andante e quasi allegretto.***THE BRIDAL WREATH.**

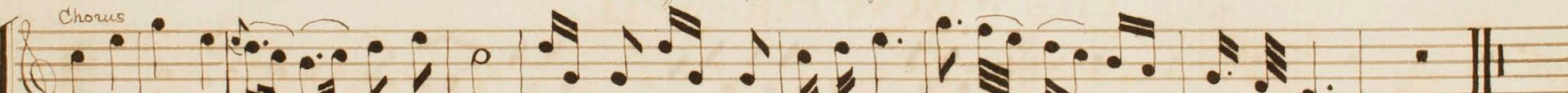
Another verse at the beginning.

79



1<sup>st</sup> A bridal wreath we twine for thee, Of purple silk the twine shall be, For love will strew thy future hours, With myrtle leaves and rosy flowers;

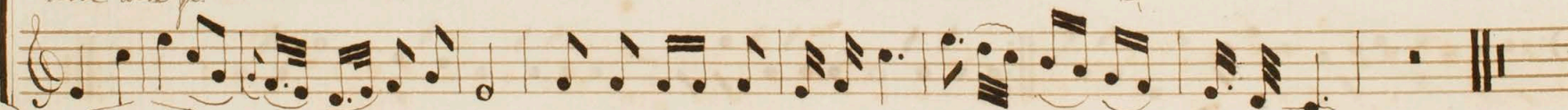
2<sup>d</sup> O let not sorrow venture now, To cast its shadow o'er thy brow (No love for



Chorus

Love with myrtle leaves and rosy flowers Now will strew thy future hours, Now will strew thy future hours.

Love with &amp;c.





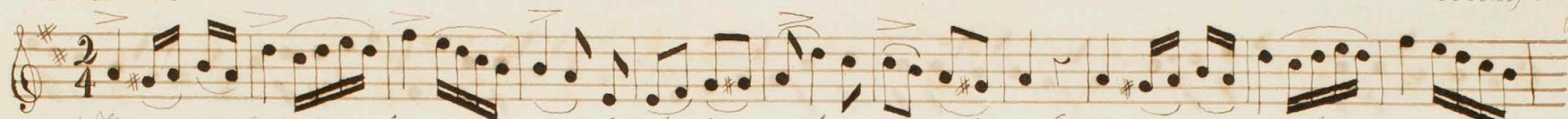
# THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

33

Words, Page 284th

80

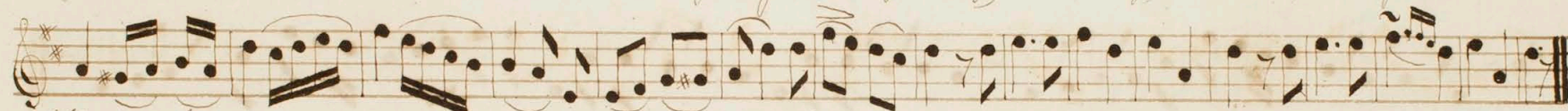
ALLEGRETTO



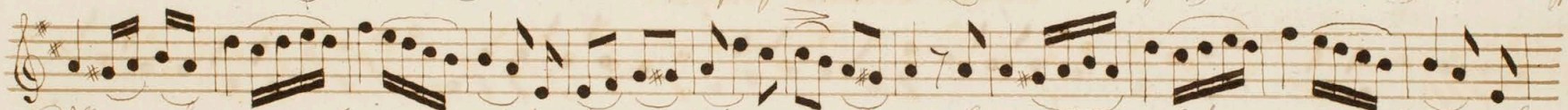
1<sup>st</sup> He was a chief of --- low degree ---, A lady high and fair was she; She dropp'd a ring he rais'd the



gem, 'Twas rich as eastern diadem! Nay, as your mistress' trophy take The toy when next a lance you break.



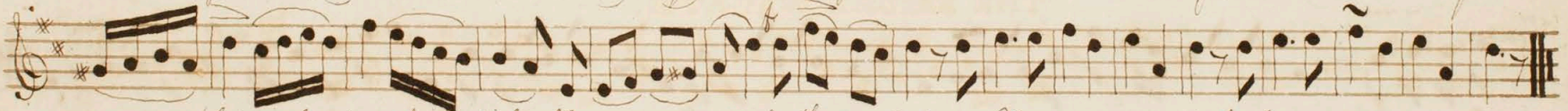
He to the Journey rode away, And bore off glory's wreath that day And bore off glory's wreath that day And bore off &c.



2<sup>d</sup> How did his ardent bosom beat, When, hast'ning to that lady's feet, The ring and wreath he proudly - laid - "Oh!



Keep the ring," she softly said: "Nay, ring so rich I may not wear, Howe'er return a gift so rare." Dear youth,



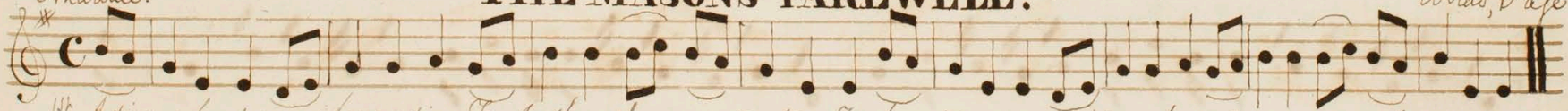
a --- plain gold ring, she - sigh'd, From you were worth the world beside, From you were worth the world beside From you &c.

81

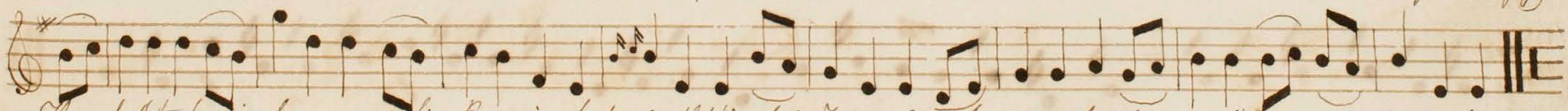
Andante.

## THE MASON'S FAREWELL.

Words, Page 27th



1<sup>st</sup> Adieu, a heart warm, fond, adieu, Ye brothers of our mystic tie; Ye favor'd and enlighten'd few, Companions of my social joy.

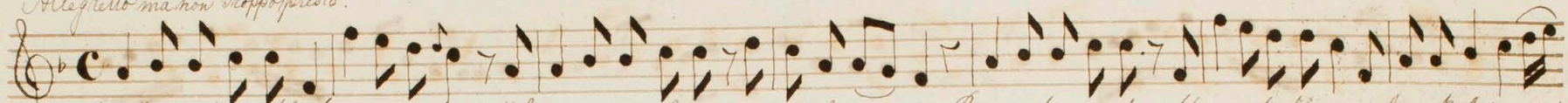


Though I to foreign lands must hie, Pursuing fortune's slipp'ry ba': Wi' melting heart and brimfu' eye, I'll mind you still when far awa'.



# I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

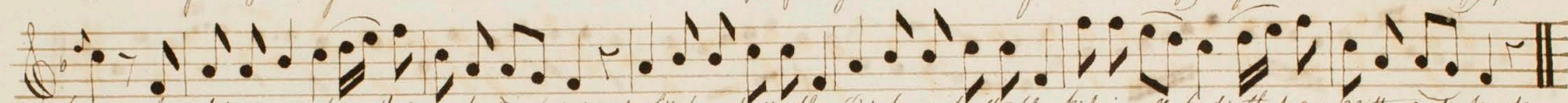
*Allegretto ma non troppo presto.*



1<sup>st</sup> I'd be a butterfly born in a bow'r, where roses and lilies and violets meet; Roaming forever from flower to flower, And kissing all buds that  
2. O could I pilfer the wand of a fairy, I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings; Their summer days ramble, is sportive fairy, They sleep in a rose

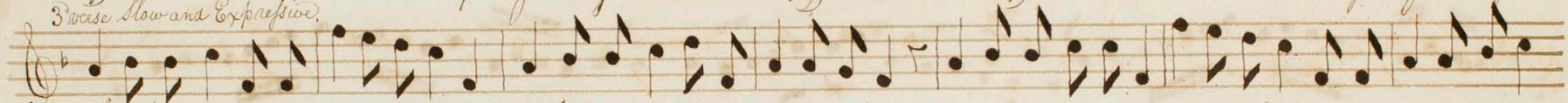


are pretty and sweet. I'd never languish for wealth or for power, I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet, I'd be a butterfly born in a  
when the nightingale sings. Those who have wealth must be watchful & wary, Power alas! nought but misery brings, I'd be a butterfly, sportive and



bow'r, And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet. I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly, kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.  
airy, Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings. I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly, rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

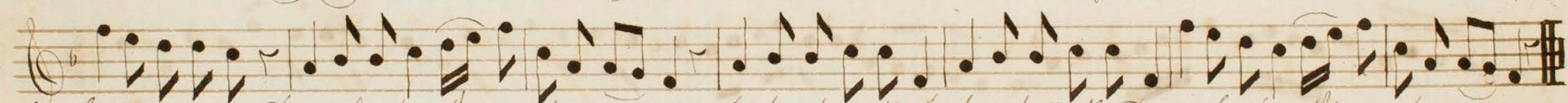
*3<sup>rd</sup> case Slow and Expressive.*



3. What though you tell me each gay little rove, Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day; Surely 'tis better when summer is over To die when all



fair things are fading away; Some in life's winter may toil to discover, Means of procuring a weary delay — — I'd be a butterfly



living a rove Dying when fair things are fading away. I'd be a butterfly I'd be a butterfly, Dying when fair things are fading away.

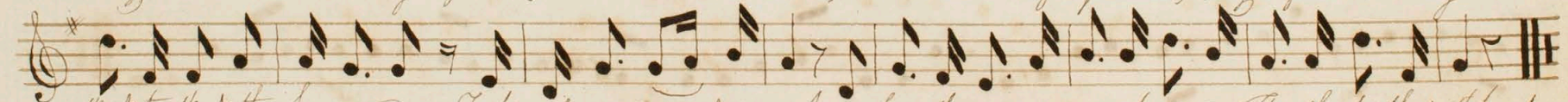
*Oh! no, we never mention her.*

*Remainder of the words, at the beginning.*



1<sup>st</sup> Oh! no we never mention her, Her name is never heard; My lips are now forbid to speak, That once familiar word: From

2. They bid me seek in change of scene, The charms that I see; But were I in a foreign land, They'd find no change in me: 'Tis true



sport to sport they hurry me, To banish my regret; And when they win a smile from me, They think that I forget.  
that I behold no more, The valley where we met, I do not see the hawthorn tree, But how can I forget?



# THE BOY'S OF SWITZERLAND.

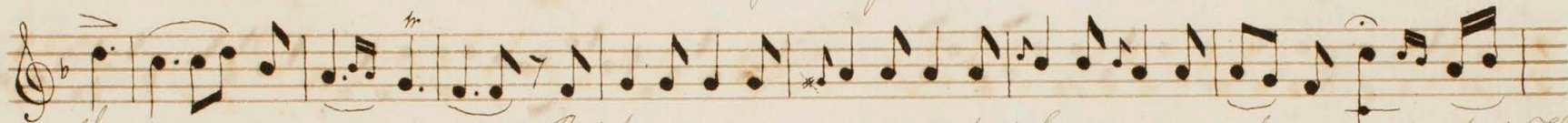
35  
Remainder of the words at the com-  
mencement of this book.

84

*Larghetto Affettuoso Espress.*



1<sup>st</sup> Our cot was shelter'd in a wood, And near a lakes green margin stood, A mountain bleak behind us frown'd, Whose top



the snow in summer crown'd. But pastures rich and warm to boot, Lay smiling at the mountains foot, There



first we polick'd hand in hand, hand in hand, hand in hand, Two infant boys of Switzerland! Two infant boys of Switzerland!

85

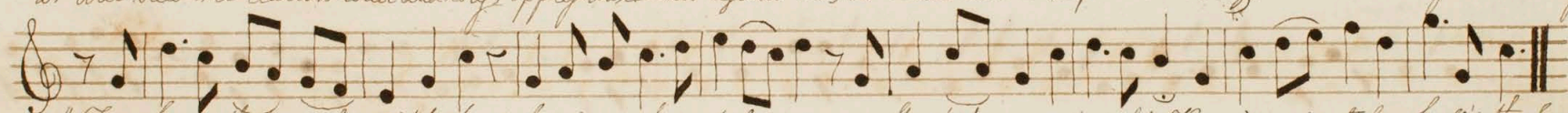
*Andantino.*

## COLUMBIA, LAND OF LIBERTY.

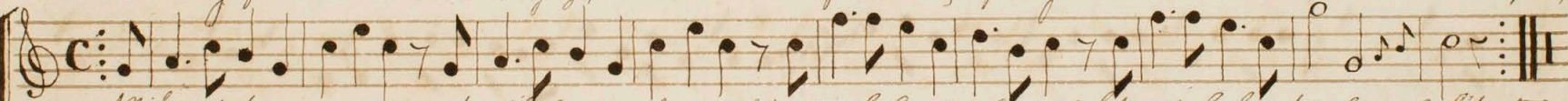
Remainder of the Words at the beginning.



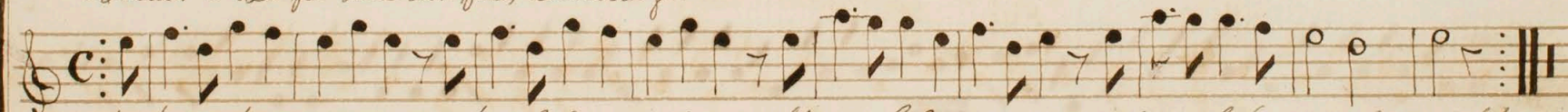
1<sup>st</sup> To Liberty's enraptur'd sight, When first Columbia's region shone, She hail'd it from her starry height, And, smiling claim'd it as her own.  
2<sup>d</sup> War blew her clarions loud and long, Oppression led his legions on, To battle rush'd the patriot throng, And soon the glorious day was won.



"Fair land, the goddess cried 'be free! Soil of my choice, to fame arise!' She spoke, and straight Heav'n's minstrelsy, Swell'd the loud chorus to the skies.  
Each bleeding freeman smil'd in death, Flying he saw his country's foes, And, wafted by his latest breath, To hear the cheerful pean rose."



All hail! forever great and free, Columbia land of liberty! Columbia land of liberty! Columbia land of liberty.  
Content I die for thou art free, Columbia &c.



All hail! forever great and free, Columbia land of liberty! Columbia land of liberty! Columbia land of liberty.  
Content I die, for thou art free, Columbia &c.

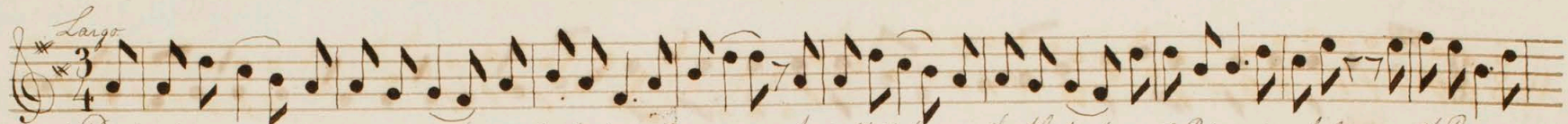


CHORUS.



## DULCE DOMUM.

86



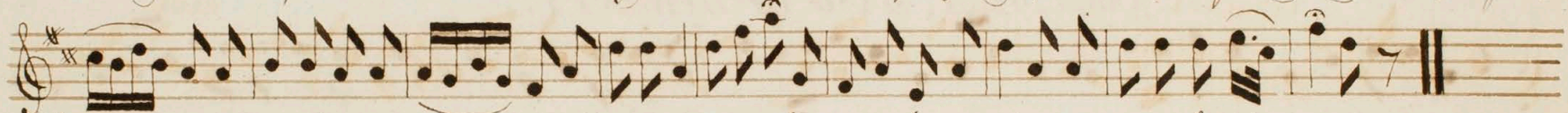
1<sup>st</sup> Deep in a vale a cottage stood, oft sought by travellers weary; And oft it proved the blest abode of Edward & of Mary; Of Edward & of



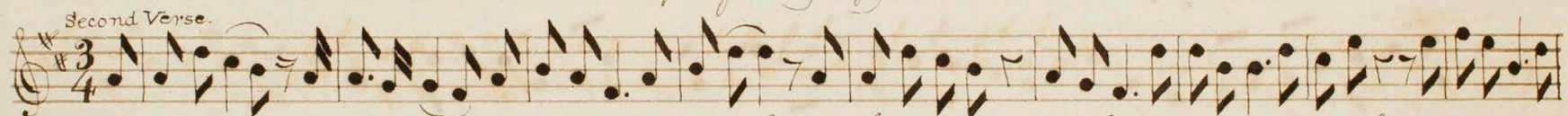
Mary. For he'd chase the mountain goat, & steep hills and glaciers bounding; For he the chamois he would shoot, Dark horrors all surrounding:



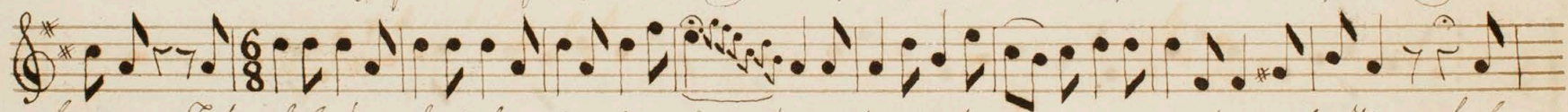
But evening came he sought his home, While anxious lovely woman, she hail'd the sight & every night, The cottage rung as they sung The cottage rung as they sung,



Oh! dulce, dulce, domum, Oh! dulce, dulce, domum, The cottage rung as they sung, Oh! dulce, dulce, domum Oh! dulce dulce domum.



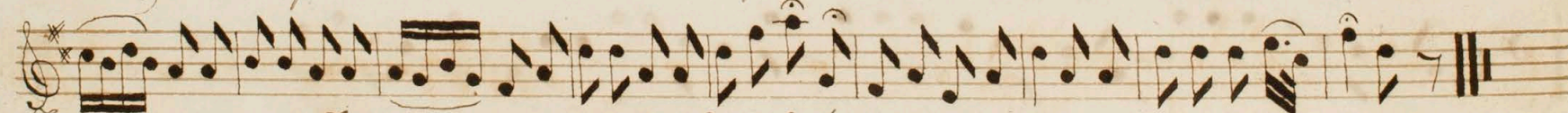
2. But soon alas! this scene of bliss, Was chang'd to prospects dreary; For way of honour cou'd each swift, And Edward left his Mary; And Edward left



his Mary; To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd, 'Gainst Gallia's force contending, And by unequal numbers crush'd, He died, his land defending;



The evening came, he sought his home, While she distracted woman, Grown wild with dread, she seeks him dead, And hears the knell, that bids farewell,



To dulce, dulce, domum, To dulce, dulce domum, And hears the knell, that bids farewell, To dulce, dulce, domum, To dulce, dulce, domum,



# THE LAST WHISTLE.

Words, Page 254. <sup>37</sup>/<sub>15</sub>

87



Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast, Poor Jack's miser top sail is laid to the mast, He'll never turn out or will more heave the lead, He's now all a back;

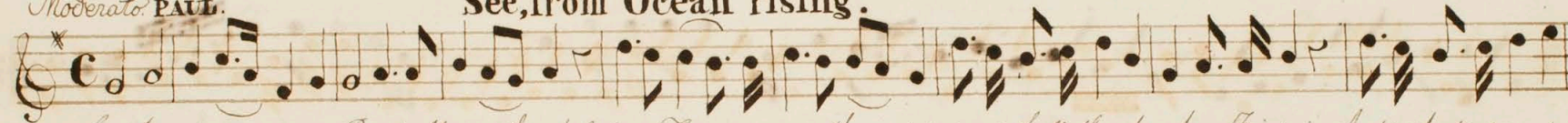


nor will sails shoot ahead; Yet the worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel a wreck, When he hears the last whistle, hears the last whistle, when he hears go, he'll jump up on deck.

88

Moderato PAUL.

See, from Ocean rising.



See, from Ocean rising Bright flames the orb of day; From yon grove, the varied songs shall slumbers from Virginia chase, chase, away; slumbers from

VIRGINIA.

PAUL.



Virginia chase, chase away. Though, from Ocean rising Bright flames the orb of day; Ah, not yet the hour of meeting, No, not yet, Virginia, Do not delay;

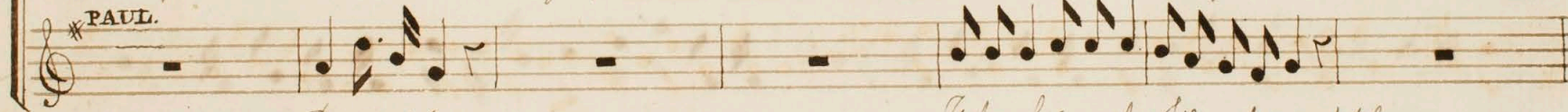
VIRGINIA.



No, not yet, Virginia,

Though yon grove varied songs chase Virginia's slumbers; Yet awhile, yet awhile, yet we must delay. From yon grove varied

PAUL.



Do not delay.

Yet awhile, yet awhile, yet we must delay.



Songs chase Virginia's slumbers; yet awhile yet awhile, yet we must delay. Yet awhile retiring, hence, away; Go! go! hence, away.



yet awhile, yet awhile yet we must delay.

Absence if desiring, I obey, yes, yes, I obey.

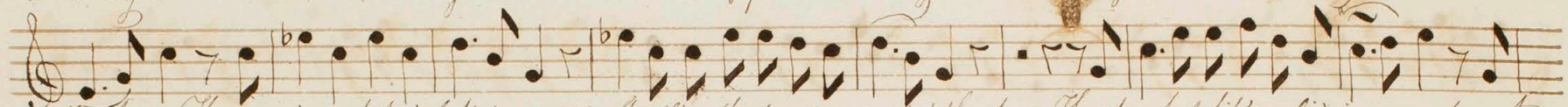


*Tempo di Marcia, e Spiritoso.*

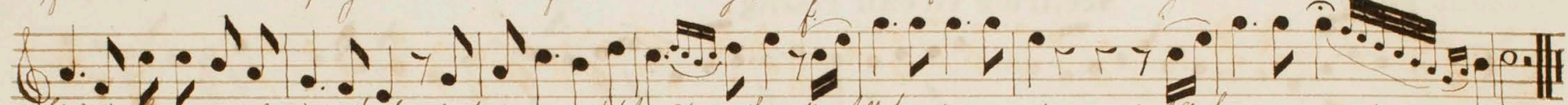
89



1<sup>st</sup> All hands, unmoor! unmoor! Hark to the hoarse, but welcome sound, Startling the seamen's sweetest slumbers, Startling the seamen's sweetest  
 2<sup>nd</sup> The cry's, "A sail! a sail!" Brace high each nerve to dare the fight, And boldly steer to seek the foeman; And boldly steer to seek the



slumbers, The groaning captain's labring round, Startling the seamen's sweetest slumbers, The cheerful fife's enticing numbers And  
 foeman; One secret prayer to aid the right, And boldly steer to seek the foeman; And many a secret thought to woman! Now

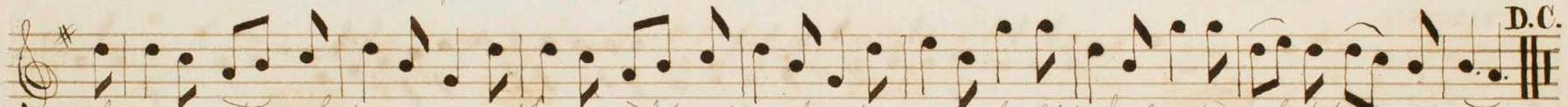


Ring ring ring idlers join the brawl, And merry shipboys swell the call, All hands unmoor! unmoor! All hands unmoor! unmoor!  
 spread the fluttering canvas wide, And dash the flaming sea aside; The cry's "a sail! a sail!" The cry's "a sail! a sail!"

90

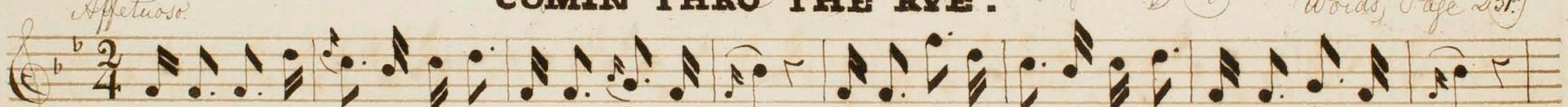


Life let us cherish. Words, Page 20<sup>th</sup>  
 1<sup>st</sup> Life let us cherish, While yet the taper glows, And the fresh floweret, Pluck ere it close. Finis.



Why are we fond of toil and care, Why choose the rankling thorn to wear, And heedless by the lily stray, Which blossoms in our way. Life for  
**COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.** Words, Page 23<sup>rd</sup>

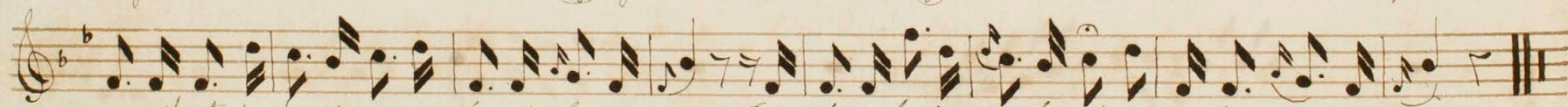
91



1<sup>st</sup> If a body meet a body, comin' thro' the rye, If a body kifs a body, need a body cry;



Every lassie has her laddie, Vane they say ha'e, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye; A-



mong the train there is a wain I dearly love myself, But where's his name or what's his name, I dinna care to tell.



# The Dashing White Sergeant.

Words, Page 208<sup>39</sup>

Vivace Spiritoso.

92

1<sup>st</sup> I had a beau, for a soldier who'd go; Do you think I'd say no? no, no, not I for a sol- died  
who'd go, Do you think I'd say no? no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I. When his red coat I saw, Not a sigh would  
I draw, But I'd give him eclat for his bravery! *ad lib.* If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,  
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away, A dashing white sergeant I'd march away, march away,  
march away, march away, march away, march away, march away, march away, march away, march away!!

BELIEVE ME IF ALL &c.

Words, Page 66<sup>th</sup>

93

1<sup>st</sup> Believe me if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to day, Were to change by tomorrow and  
flee from my arms, like fairy gifts fading away, - Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art, Let thy loveli-  
ness fade as it will; And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart, Would entwine itself verdantly still.

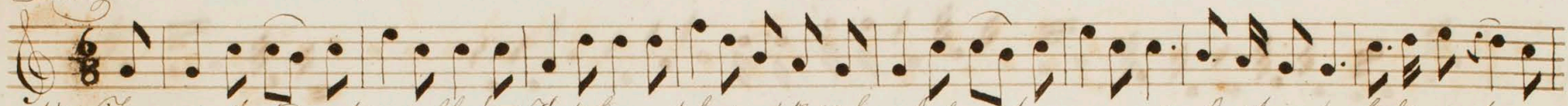


## PADDY CAREY.

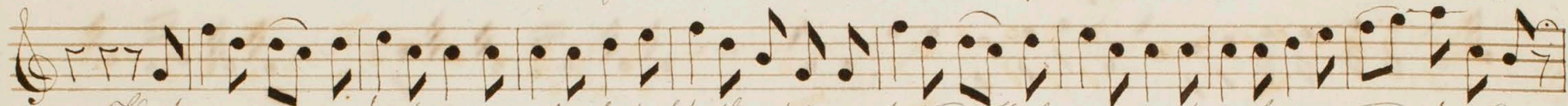
Words, Page 54<sup>th</sup>

94

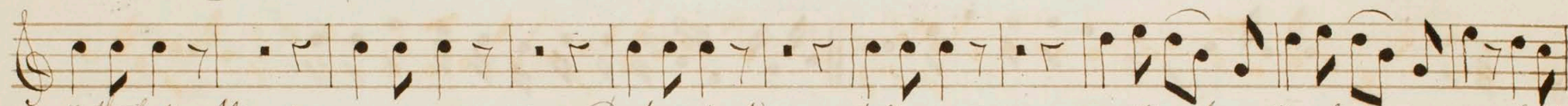
Lively



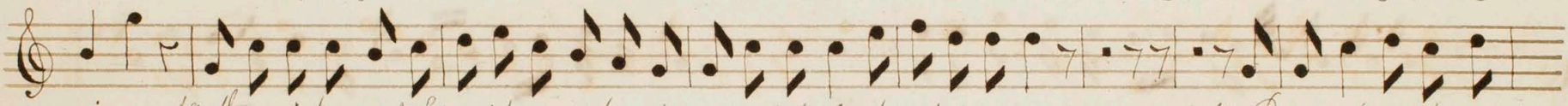
1<sup>st</sup> 'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen, that Sergeant Chapman met Paddy Carey; A clasher boy was never seen, Brisk as a bee light as a fairy;



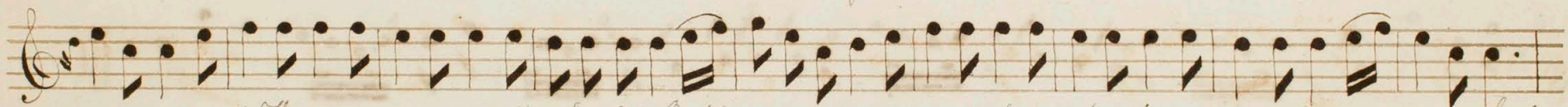
His brawny shoulders three feet square, His cheeks like thumping red potatoes, His legs would make a chairman stare, And Pat was loved by



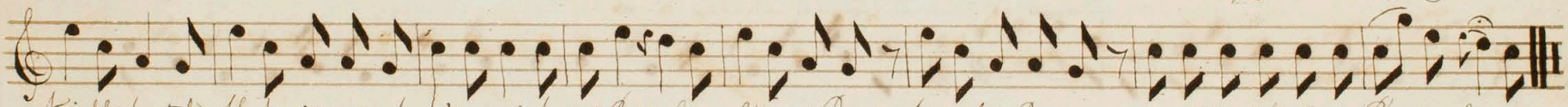
all the ladies; Old and young, grave and sad, Deaf and dumb, dull or mad, waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting, light, brisk &



air, All the sweet faces, at Limerick Races, from Mullinavat to Magherafelt, At Paddy's beautiful



mance would melt, The souls would cry & look so shy, Och Chasclama ooe, did you never see the jolly boy, the darling joy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy;



Kimble footed, black eye & rosy cheek'd, curly headed Paddy Carey, O sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy, nate little, tight little Paddy Carey.

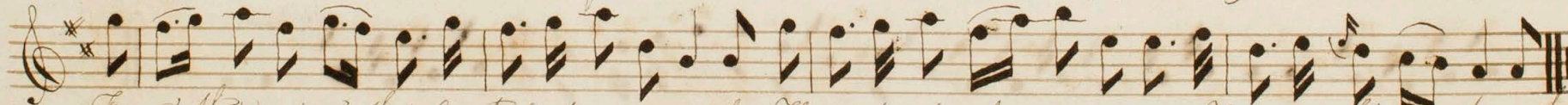
A man's a man for a' that.

Words, Page 109<sup>th</sup>

95



1<sup>st</sup> Is there for honest poverty, Wha hangs his head and a' that? The coward slave we pass him by, And dare be poor for a' that.



For a' that and a' that, Our tails obscure, and a' that; The rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the gold for a' that.

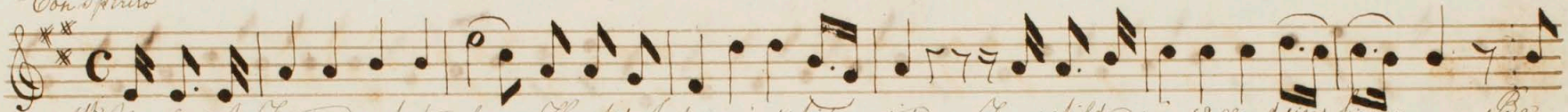


# MARSEILLES HYMN.

Words, Page 304. <sup>41</sup>

96

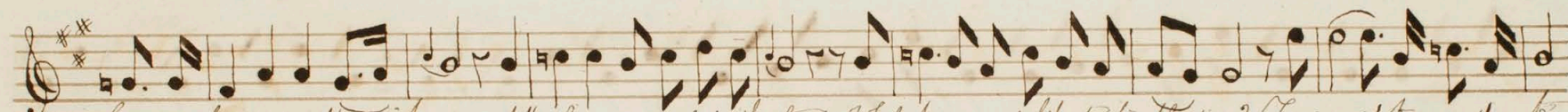
*Con Spirito*



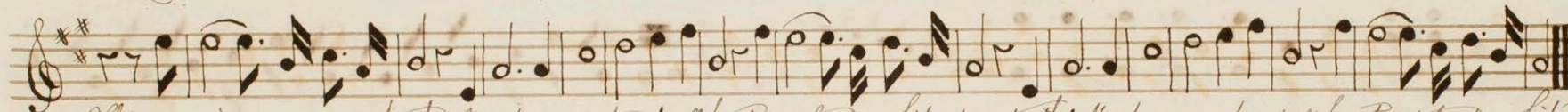
1<sup>st</sup> Ye sons of Freedom wake to glory, Hark! what myriads bid you rise; Your children wives & grandfathers hoary, — Be-



hold their tears & hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries; Shalt hateful tyrants, mischief breeding — With



hiring hosts, a ruffian band, Affright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding; To arms! to arms! ye brave,



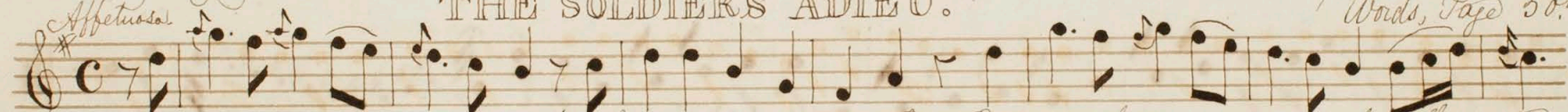
The avenging sword unsheath! March on, march on! all hearts resolved on liberty or death! March on, march on! all hearts resolved on liberty or death!

## THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

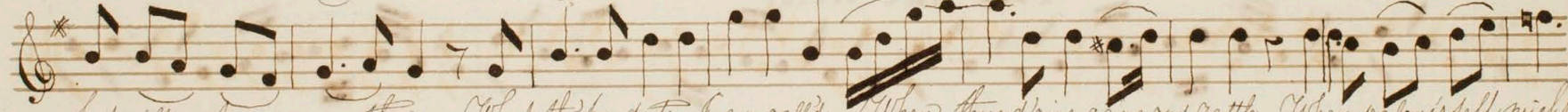
Words, Page 50. <sup>42</sup>

97

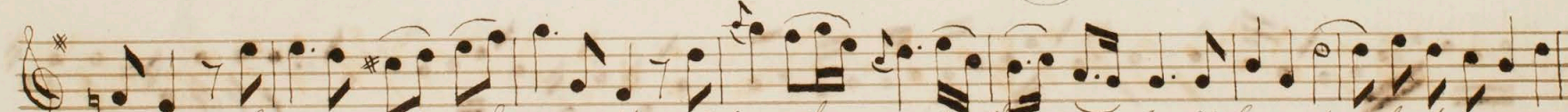
*Affettuoso*



1<sup>st</sup> Adieu! adieu! my only life, My honour calls me from thee! Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife, Those tears



but ill become thee. What tho' by duty I am call'd, When thundering cannons rattle, Where valour's self might stand



appall'd, Where valour's self might stand appall'd, When on the wings of thy dear love To heav'n above thy fiercest ori-



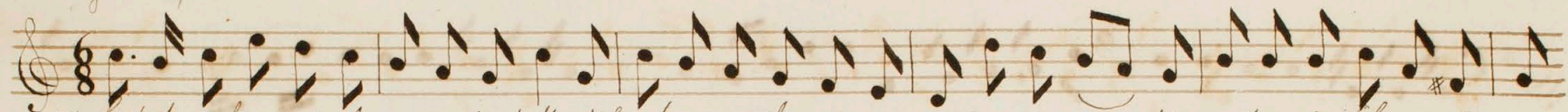
sons are flown, The tender pray'r thou puttest up there, Shall call a guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian angel down, To watch me in the battle.



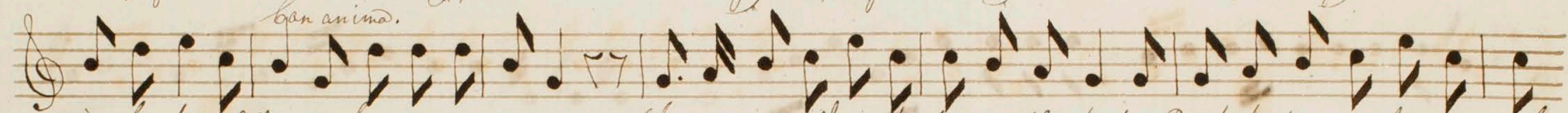
## THE HUNTER'S HORN.

(Words, Page 274<sup>th</sup>)*Allegro con spirito.*

98



1<sup>st</sup> Swift from the covert the merry pack fled, While bounding they sprang over valley and mead; Wide spreading his antlers, erect-



ing his head, The stag, his enemies scorning. Oh had you seen them, thro' torrent, thro' brake, Each sportsman right gallant, his in-



val race take, I would please beauty's ear to have heard echo wake To the hunter's horn the hunter's horn The

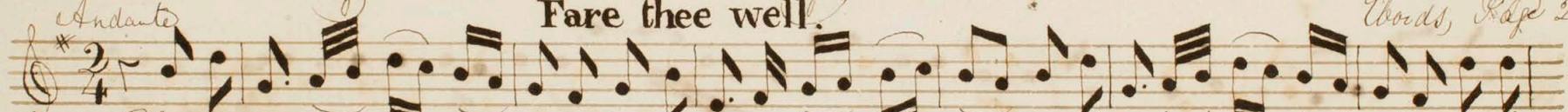


Hunter's horn, the Hunter's horn - - - - - I would please beauty's ear to have heard echo wake To the hun-

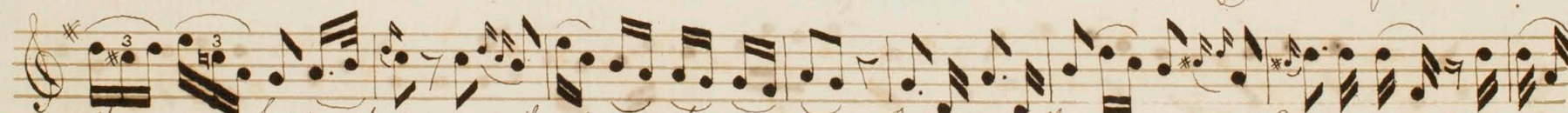


ter's horn in the morning, To the Hunter's horn in the morning, To the Hunter's Horn in - - - - - the morning.

99



Fare thee well, and if forever, Still, forever fare thee well; E'en tho' unforgiving, never 'gainst thee



shall my heart rebel, 'gainst thee shall my heart rebel. But tis done, thus disunited, Torn from co-'ry near-



er tie, Seaid in heart, and lone and blighted, More than this I scarce can die, more than this I scarce can die.

Fare thee well.

(Words, Page 284<sup>th</sup>)



# The Sun that lights the Roses.

43

100

1<sup>st</sup> Though dimple cheeks may give delight, Where rival beauties blossom, Though but my lips to love invite,  
2<sup>d</sup> The voice of love is soft and clear, Exciting fond emotion; How sweet its sounds upon

To ecstasy the bosom; Yet softer than you summer sky, Each blushing tint dis-  
the ear, Like music on the ocean. Yet dearer far to lovers sight, The eye that truth dis-

closes; Give me the lustre beaming eye, The sun that lights the roses, the sun that lights the roses,  
closes, Surpassing with its splendor bright, The sun that lights the roses, the sun &c.

*Dolce Ritardo. Brillante. Flouer. ad lib.*

the sun that lights the roses Give me the lustre beaming eye, The sun that lights the roses.  
the sun &c. Surpassing with its splendor bright The sun &c.

**FLY NOT YET.**

101

1<sup>st</sup> Fly not yet! 'tis just the hour, When beauty like the midnight flower, That scorns the eye of vulgar light, Begins to  
2<sup>d</sup> Fly not yet! the fount that play'd in times of old, through woman's shade, Though icy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like

blooms for sons of night, And maids that love the moon. 'Twas but to sleep these hours of shade, That beauty  
souls of ninth, began to burn when night was near: And thus should woman's heart and looks at noon be

and the moon were made, 'Tis then, this soft attractions glowing, Set the tides and goblets flowing, & cold as winter brooks, No kinder, till the night returning, Brings their genial home for burning - the

stay! Oh stay! stay! For so seldom weaves a chain, Like this to night that 'tis pain to break its links so soon.  
stay! Oh stay! When did morning ever break, And find such beaming eyes awake, As those that sparkle here.

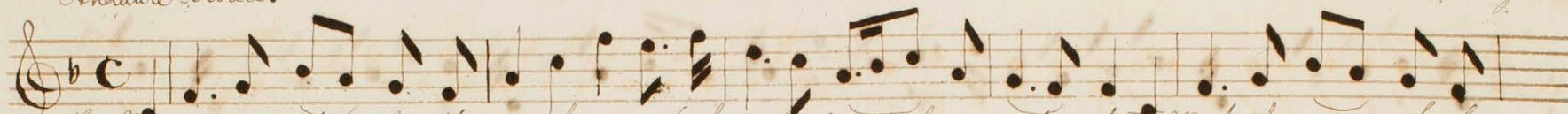


## THE MINSTREL BOY.

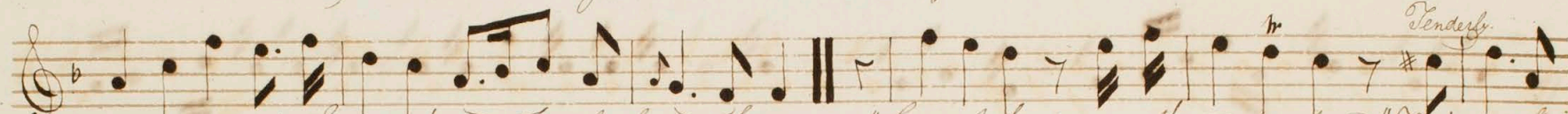
Words, Pepp 1894

Andante Vivace.

102



The minstrel boy to the war has gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His father's sword he has



girded on, And his wild harp slung behind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the

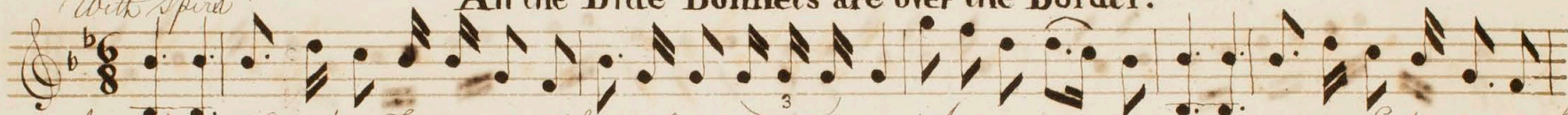


world betrays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee.

With Spirit

## All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border.

103



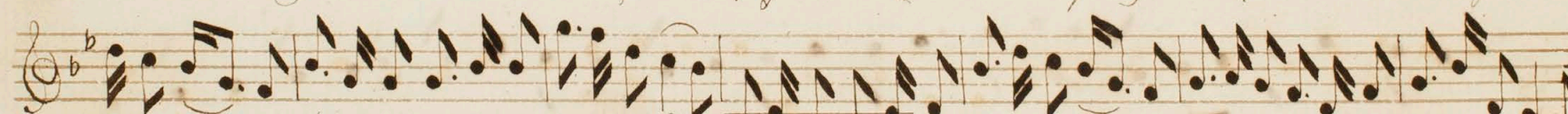
1<sup>st</sup> March, march, Ettrick & Lauderdale! Why my lads dinna ye march forward in order? March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!



All the blue bonnets are over the border. Many a banner spread flutters above your head, Many a crest that is famous in story;



Mount and make ready, then sons of the mountain glen fight for your Queen & the old Scottish glory. Come from the hills where your hinds are



grazing, come from the glen of the buck & the doe, Come to the cry where the beacon is blazing, Come with the buckler the lance and the bow.



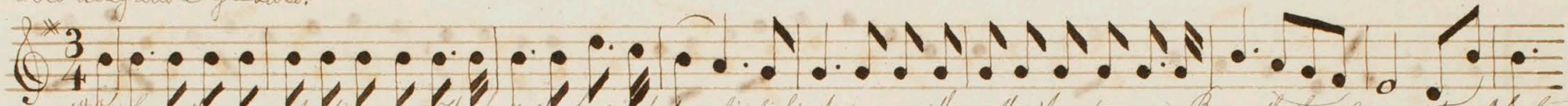
Trumpets are sounding, Your steeds are bounding, Stand to your arms & march in good order, England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray, When  
The blue bonnets came over the border.



# THE LIGHT GUITAR.

Poco allegretto e grazioso.

104



Oh leave the gay & festive scene, the halls the halls of darrling light, And rove with me thro' forests green, Beneath the silent night, Oh leave  
D. I'll tell you how the maiden wept When her, When her true knight was slain, And how her broken spirit slept And never woke again, I'll tell

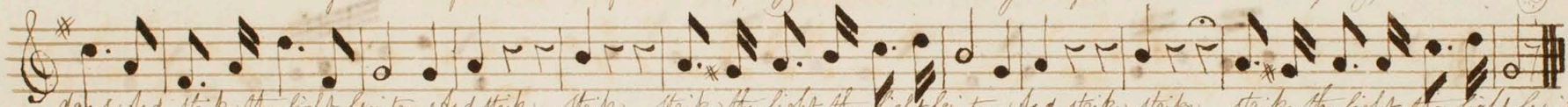


the gay and festive scene &c.  
you how the maiden wept &c

Then as we  
I'll tell you



watch the lingering rays, That shine from ev'ry star, I'll sing the song of happier days, And strike the light guitar, I'll sing the song of happier  
how the steed drew nigh And left his lord afar, But if my tale should make you sigh, I'll strike the light guitar, I'll sing the song &c



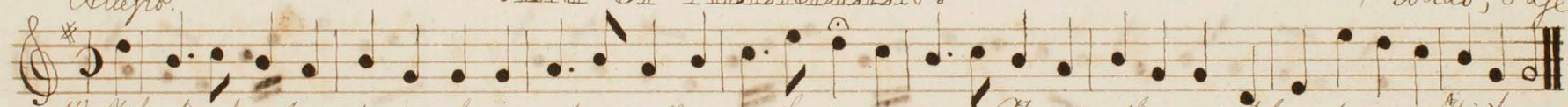
days, And strike the light guitar, And strikes, strikes, strikes the light, the light guitar, And strikes, strikes, strikes the light, the light guitar.

Allegro.

## JEM OF ABERDEEN.

Words, Page 246<sup>th</sup>

105



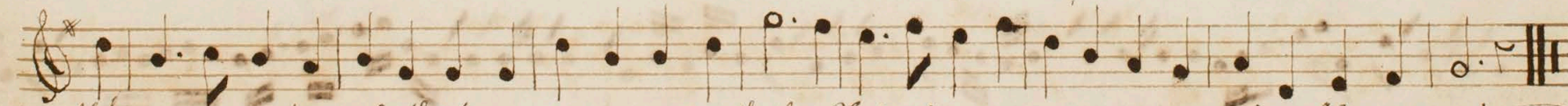
When tuneful law rocks cheer the grove And sweetly smells the summer green; Then o'er the mead I love to rove, Wi' bonny Jem of Aber



deen. Bonny Jem of Aberdeen, Bonny Jem of Aberdeen, Then o'er the mead I love to rove, Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.



Whenever we sit beneath the broom, Or wander o'er the lea, He's always wooing, wooing, wooing, Always wooing me.



Whenever we sit beneath the broom, Or wander o'er the lea, He's always wooing, wooing, wooing, Always wooing me.



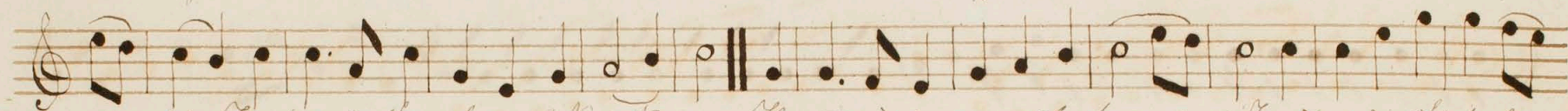
## KATE KEARNEY.

(Words, Page 113<sup>th</sup>)

106



1<sup>st</sup> Oh have you not heard of Kate Kearney! she dwells on the banks of Killarney; From the glance of her eye shun danger,



and fly, for fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney. Her eye is so modestly beaming, You'll never think of mis-



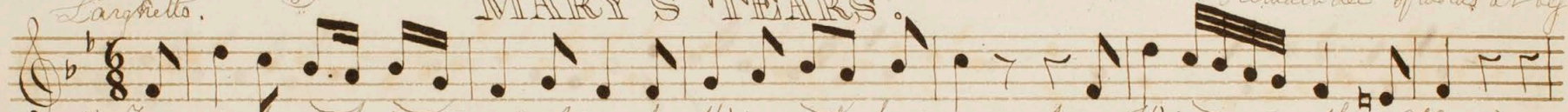
chief she's dreaming; Yet I can tell how fatal's the spell, That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Larghetto.

## MARY'S TEARS.

Remainder of words at beginning.

107



1<sup>st</sup> Wee not the sinful Mary's tears An offering worthy heav'n, An offering worthy heav'n  
2<sup>d</sup> When bringing e'er my balm sweet Her day of luxury stor'd, Her day of luxury stor'd,



When o'er the faults of former years, she wept and was forgiven? she wept and was forgiven.  
The o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet. The precious perfume pour'd, - The precious perfume pour'd,

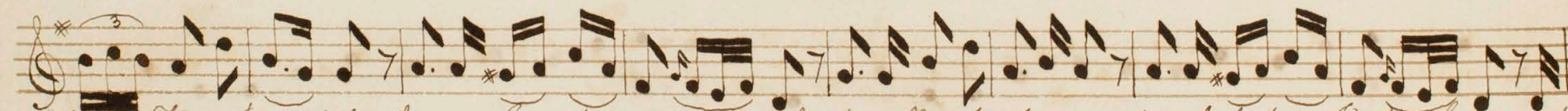
Moderato.

Here we meet too soon to part.

108

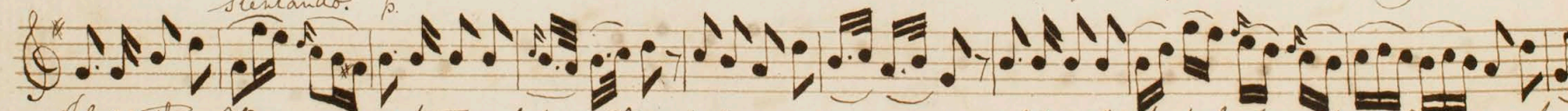


1<sup>st</sup> Here we meet too soon to part, Here to leave will raise a smart; Here I'll press thee to my heart, Where none have place above



there; Here I now to lose thee well, could but words unseal the spell, Had but language strength to tell, I'd say how much

Prestando. p.



I lo'd thee. Here we meet too soon to part, Here to leave will raise a smart; Here I'll press thee to my heart, Where none have place above



*Fin Andante*

109

Then haste let us work till the daylight is o'er, And fold our nets as we row to the shore; Our toil and labour being o'er,

Then haster let us work till the daylight is o'er, And fold our nets as we row to the shore; Our toil and labour being o'er,

How sweet the Boatman's welcome home. Home, home, home, the Boatman's welcome home, Sweet H! Sweet the boatman's welcome home, welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

How sweet the Boatmans welcome home. Home, &c. the Boatmans welcome home, Sweet & Sweet the Boatmans welcome home &c.

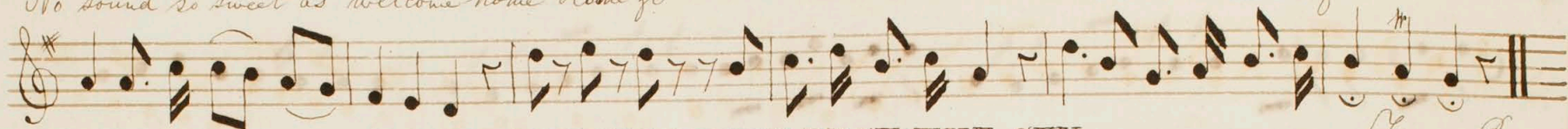
Convent Bell.  
poco adagio.

1. See brothers see how the night comes on, How by sinks the setting sun;  
2. See how the hints of daylight die, Soon we'll hear the tender sigh;  
Hark how the solemn vespers sound, Sweetly falls upon the ear; Then  
For when the toil of labor o'er We shall meet our friends on shore

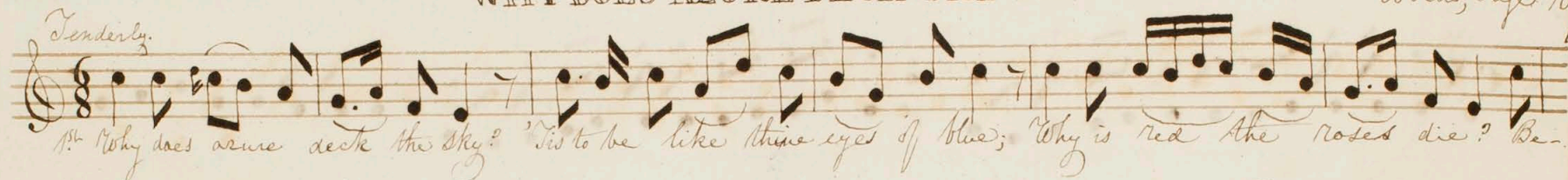
\* N.B. The Solo should be sung previous to the trio, it is placed last by mistake. The trio at the end of each verse.



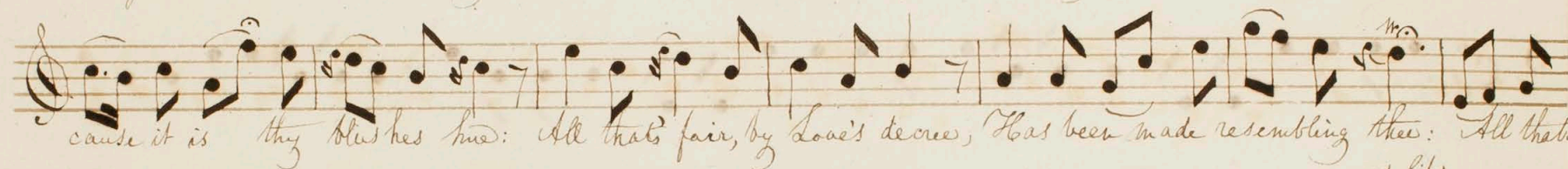
How sweet the boatman's welcome home. Home home, home, the Boatman's welcome home, Sweet Oh! Sweet the Boatman's welcome home.  
No sound so sweet as welcome home Home go Sweet Oh! Sweet go.



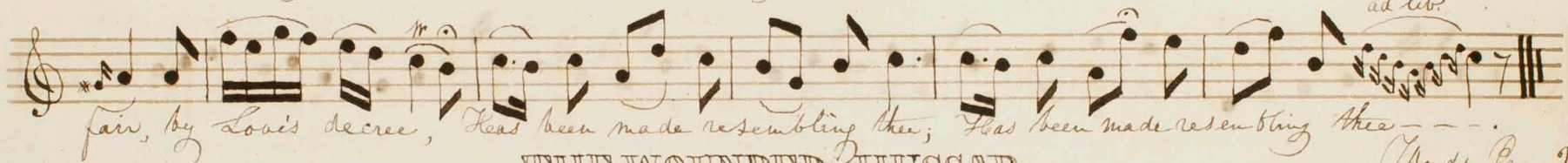
## WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY.

Words, Page 107<sup>th</sup>

1<sup>st</sup> Why does azure deck the sky? 'Tis to be like thine eyes of blue; Why is red the roses die? Be-

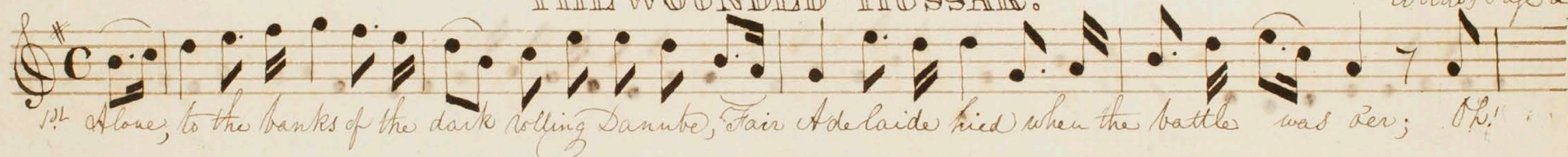


cause it is thy blushes hue: All that's fair, by Love's decree, Has been made resembling thee: All that's

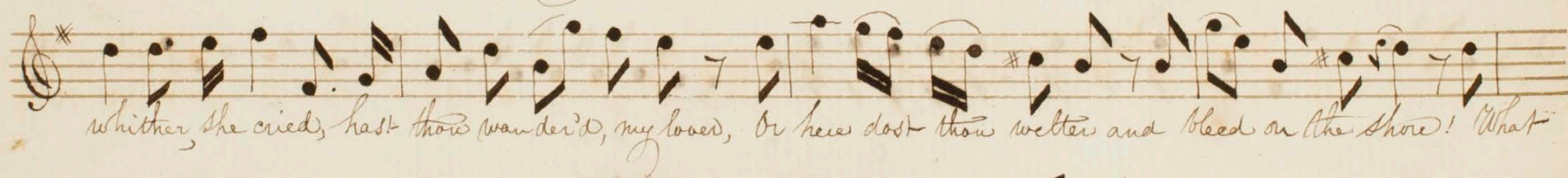


fair, by Love's decree, Has been made resembling thee; Has been made resembling thee - - -

## THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Words, Page 29<sup>th</sup>

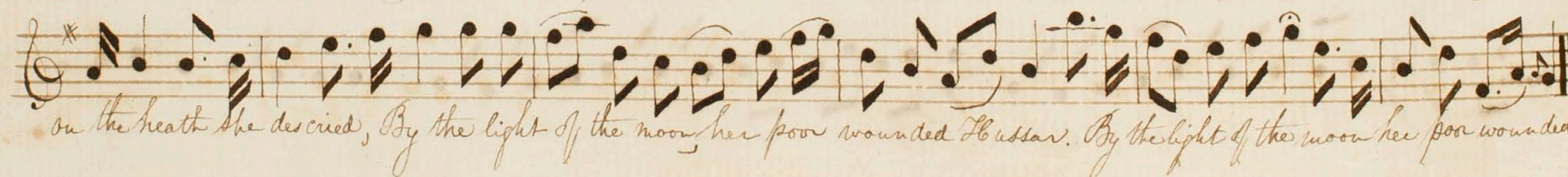
1<sup>st</sup> Alone, to the banks of the dark rolling Danube, Fair Adelaide hid when the battle was over; Oh!



whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my loved, Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore! What



voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd. All mournful she hasten'd nor wander'd a far, When bleeding alone,



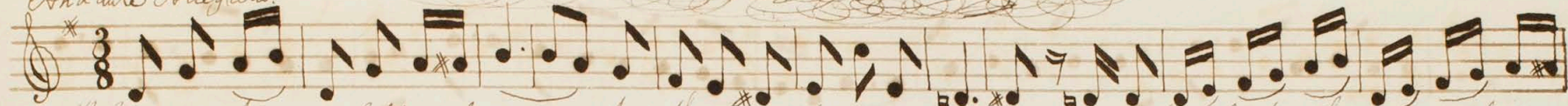
on the heath she descried, By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar. By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar.



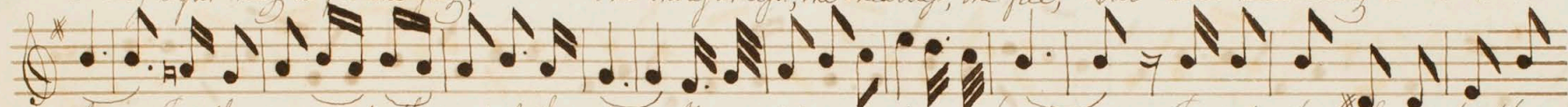
# MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

112

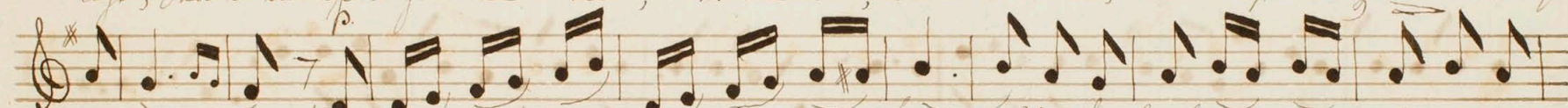
*Andante Allegretto.*



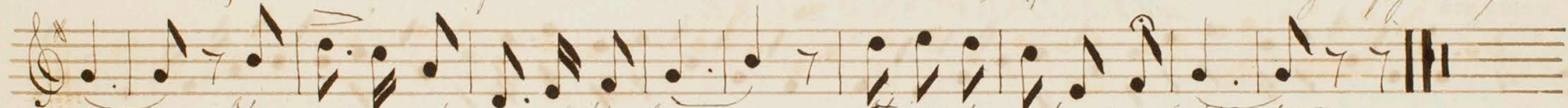
1<sup>st</sup> Meet me by moonlight alone — And then I will tell you a tale — Must be told by the moonlight a —  
2<sup>d</sup> Day light may do for the gay — The thoughtless, the heartless, the free, But there's something about the moon's



love, In the grove at the end of the vale — You must promise to come for I said I would show the night flowers their  
rays, That is sweetest to you and to me — Oh! remember, be sure to be there, For though dearly the moonlight I prize



queen —; Nay ~~do not~~ turn not away thy sweet head —, 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen. —



Oh meet me by moonlight alone —, Oh meet me by moonlight alone.

## WILT THOU GO FAR AWAY.

113

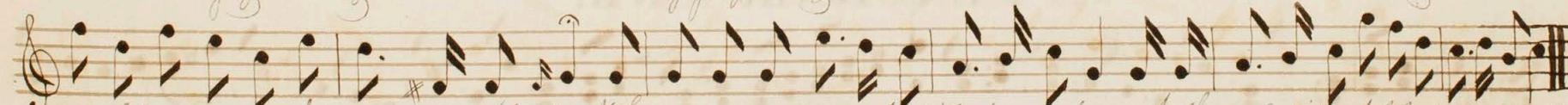
*Andante.*



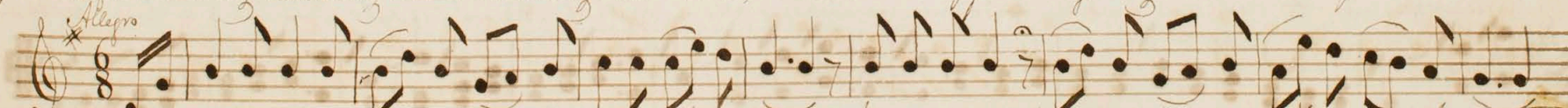
1<sup>st</sup> Wilt thou go far away from this dark world with me, To an isle of our own, in a warm sunny sea; Where summer lives on through a  
2<sup>d</sup> The music that comes on the citron gale wing shall wake thee at morn and new happiness bring, While evening shall find thee in



soft genial clime, And breathes the rich fragrance of orange and lime. Wilt thou go with me love? where the halcyon hours are  
innocence gay, Living over in dreams all the joys of the day. The bark is unmoved, that shall bear us away And



noiseless as angels, that move over flow'rs, Where care may not come to disturb our repose, As the calm tide of pleasure runs alliedly flows.  
the fresh blowing breeze only chides our delay. Then haste, for the summer of youth has gone by To our island of love with its warm, sunny sky!



1<sup>st</sup> Fall not in love dear girls beware, Oh never fall in love! Better lead a life you know where, Than ever fall in love.  
2<sup>d</sup> Fall not in love &c.

114

FALL NOT IN LOVE.

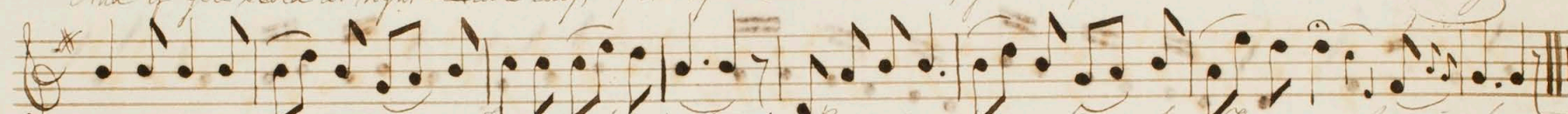




For men, their ends to gain, Are cruel when most kind; Their tears are false as rain, Their vows are only wind;  
 For if a rake you sued For better and for worse, When honeymoons are fled, Th' how hell squeeze your purse!



And if you say them no, They swear their hearts are broke; Yet when half dead with woe, How nice are pump they look: Fall  
 And if you sold at night—Quite easy, by the by— Your husband, grown polite, I was most melodiously sold to ye.

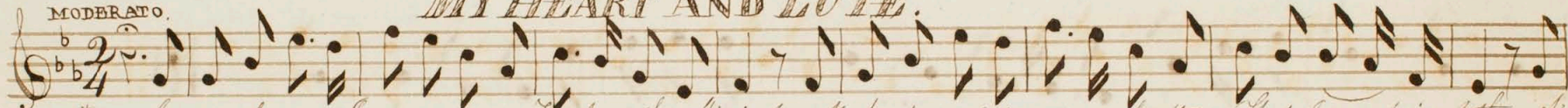


not in love, dear girl, beware; No never fall in love! Better lead apes you know where Than ever face in love.

### MY HEART AND LUTE.

115.

MODERATO.



1<sup>st</sup> I give thee all I can no more, Tho' poor the offering be; My heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee: If  
 2<sup>d</sup> Tho' love and song may fail, alas! To keep life's clouds away, At least 'twill make them lighter pass, Or gild them if they stay. If



lute whose gentle song reveals The soul of love full well, And better far, a heart that feels Much more than lute could tell. I give thee all—  
 ever care this discord flings O'er life's enchanted strain, Let love but gently touch the strings: I will all be sweet again! I give thee ye.

AD LIB.



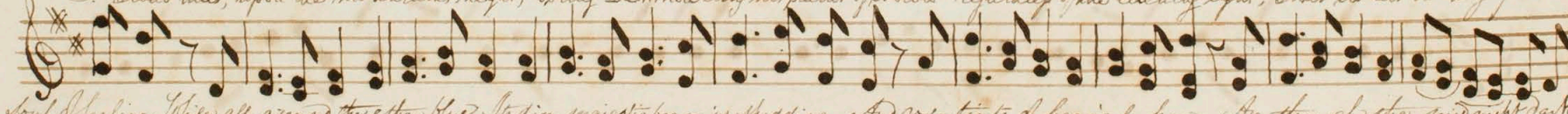
I can no more Tho' poor the offering be; My heart and lute are all the store, That I can bring to thee.

### THE IMPASSIONED WAVE.

116.



1<sup>st</sup> 'Tis sweet upon the impassioned wave, To hear the voice of music stealing, And while the dark winds wildly rave To catch the genuine  
 2<sup>d</sup> So is it when the thrill of love This way burning pulse is flowing, And like the foliage of the grave, A holy light on all bestowing!  
 3<sup>d</sup> 'Twas thus, upon the mountains' height, Young Democritus his plaint of sorrow Refracted off the evening light, That ushered in the gay to-morrow!



Soul of feeling. While all around the ether blue, Its dim majestic beam is shedding, And rosy tints of heavenly hue, Are through the midnight darkness spred.  
 Oh! never from this fever'd heart These dreams on wings of gold be flying. But see when life itself shall part We think of thee sweet maid, tho' dying!  
 For love had on his cheek beneft that smile— that glow— of joyous gladness, And sympathy's cold sting had left Nought there but pale and gloomy sadness.



# BRIGNAL BANKS,

51

RECITATIVE.

*Agitato.*

*Espressivo.*

With desperate merriment he sung, The cavern to the chorus rung;

Yet mingled with his reckless glee Remorse's bitter rag-

*1<sup>st</sup> Verse, Andante quasi Allegretto.*

ony.

Oh! Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a sum-

mer queen. And as I rode by Dalton Hall, Beneath the turret high, A maiden on the castle wall Was singing, singing merrily. "Oh!

*Tempo primo.*

Brignal banks are wild and fair And Greta woods are green; I'd rather range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen."

**CHORUS** *Con Spirito.*

**AIR.**

*1<sup>st</sup> Chorus.* Oh! Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, I'd rather range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen.

**ALTO**

*2<sup>d</sup> Chorus.* "Get dung she" Brignal banks are fair, And Greta woods are green, I'd rather range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen."  
*3<sup>d</sup> Chorus.* "Get dung she" Brignal banks are fair, And Greta woods are gay, I would I were with Edmund there, To reign his queen of May."

**TENOR**

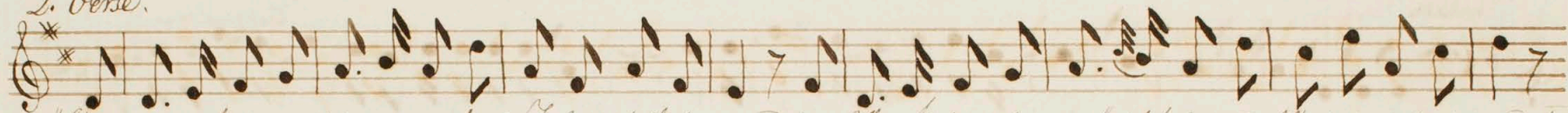
*4<sup>th</sup> Chorus.* And Oh! though Brignal banks be fair, And Greta woods be gay; Yet mickle must the maiden dare, Would reign my queen of May.

**BASS**



## BRIGAL BANKS

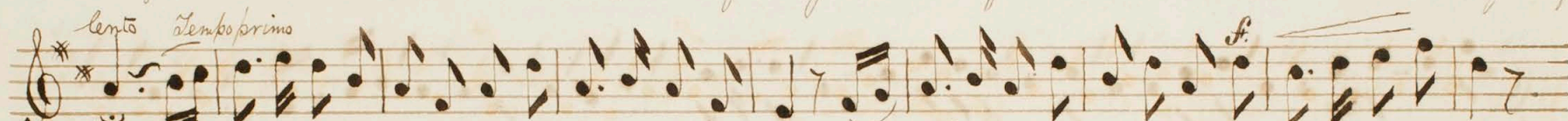
## 2. Verse.



"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me, To leave both tower and tower, Thou first must guess what life lead we, That dwell by dale and down.



And if thou canst that riddle read, As read full well you may, Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed, As blithe as queen of

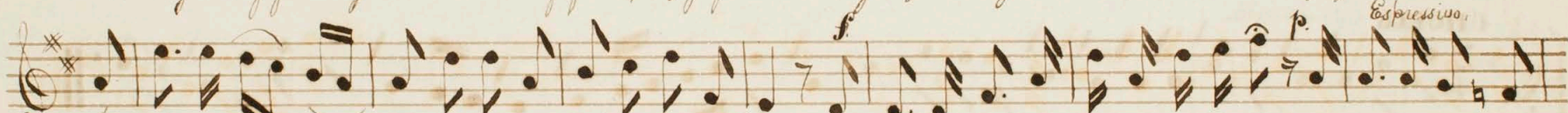


May". Yet sung she, "Brigal banks are fair, And Grete woods are green; I'd rather range with Edmund thee, Than reign our English queen."

## 3. Verse.



"I read you, by your bugle horn, And by your palfrey good, I read you for a ranger sworn, To keep the King's greenwood"



"A ranger, lady, winds his horn And tis at peep of light; His blast is heard at merry merry morn, And mine at dead of night"

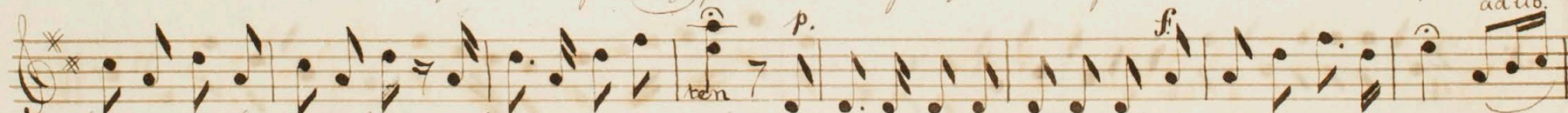


"Yet sung she" Brigal banks are fair, And Grete woods are gay; I would I were with Edmund thee, To reign his queen of May?"

## 4. Verse.



"With burnish'd brand and musketoon, So gallantly you come, I read you for a bold dragoon, That lists the tuck of drum - "I

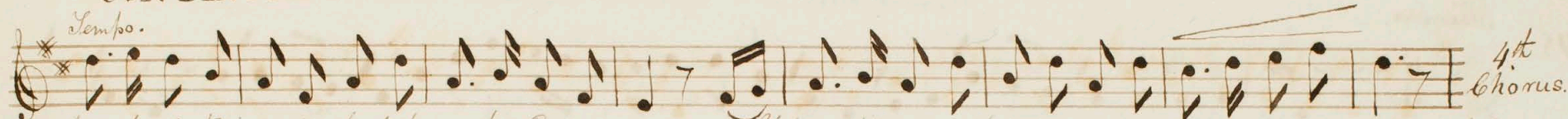


list no more the tuck of drum; No more the trumpet hear; But when the beetle sounds his hum, My comrades take the spear." And



## CONTINUED.

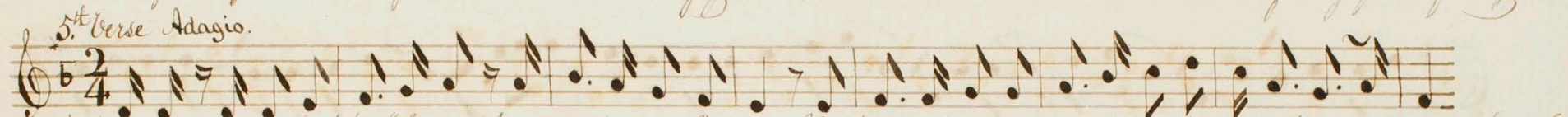
*Tempo.*




4<sup>th</sup> Chorus.

Oh! though Brignal banks be fair, And Greta woods be gay; Yet nicker must the maidens dare, Would reign my queen of May!

5<sup>th</sup> Verse Adagio.



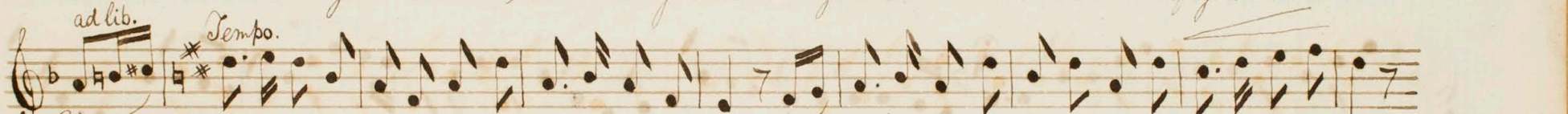
"Maiden! a nameless life I lead, A nameless death I'll die; The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead, Were better mate than I!"



*f.* *p.* *mezzo-forte.*

And when I'm with my comrades met, Beneath the greenwood bough, What once we were we all forget, Nor think what we are now."

*ad lib.* *Tempo.*



Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen.

5<sup>th</sup> Chorus.



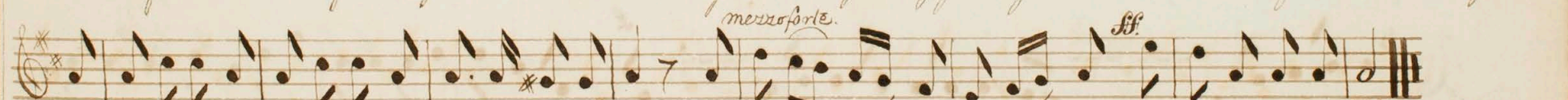
*mezzo-forte.* *ff.*

Yet Brignal Banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen.



*mezzo-forte.* *ff.*

Yet Brignal Banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen.



*mezzo-forte.* *ff.*

Yet Brignal Banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen.



*mezzo-forte.* *ff.*

Yet Brignal Banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen.



## I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

118. Allegretto.

1<sup>st</sup> Verse. I see them on their winding way, About their ranks the moonbeams play, Their lofty deeds and daring high Blend with the notes of victory, And waving arms and banners bright, Are glancing in the mellow light. They're lost — and gone, the moon is past — The woods dark shade is o'er them cast; And fainter, fainter, fainter still; The march is rising o'er the hill, with Energy.

2<sup>d</sup> Verse. rising o'er the hill, rising o'er the hill I see them on their winding way About their ranks the moonbeams play Their lofty deeds and daring high Blend with the notes of victory. Again again the pealing drum, The clashing horn, they come, they come, Thro' rocky pass, o'er wooded steep In long and glittering files they sweep, And nearer, nearer yet more near Their softest chords meet the ear — Forth forth and meet them on their way The tramping hoofs brook no delay. With thrilling pipe and pealing drum, And clashing horn they come, they come, they come, they come, they come, they come. I see them on their winding way, About their ranks the moonbeams play Their lofty deeds and daring high Blend with the notes of victory —



## BONNIE LAD MARCH.

119.

Vivace.



Sound the horn, Hailing the morn; Bonnie lad march over muir and furrow, Thro' the glen, Earlie will ken, Who shall pay homage to



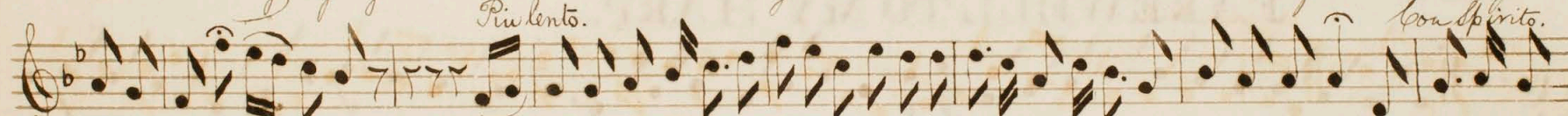
Charlie tomorrow. Bonnie lad march over muir and furrow, Thro' the glen, Earlie will ken Who shall pay homage to Charlie tomorrow! The colours



are flying, The fens are defying, In triumph replying, That freedom is near; The war pipes are sounding, Brave hearts are all bounding, With



valour surrounding The young Chevalier. Sound the horn, Hailing the morn, Bonnie lad march over muir and furrow; Thro' the glen, Earlie will



ken, Who shall pay homage to Charlie tomorrow. Tho' now we may sever, It may be forever, From those we love, never, Beoms the sad tear; No, boldly



wie a sally, From hill and from valley, Round Charlie to rally, The young Chevalier. Sound, Sound the horn Hailing the morn, Bonnie



lad march over muir and furrow, Thro' the glen, Earlie will ken, Who shall pay homage to Charlie tomorrow.

120.

Andante

Con moto espressivo.

"O, YES, WE OFTEN MENTION HER."

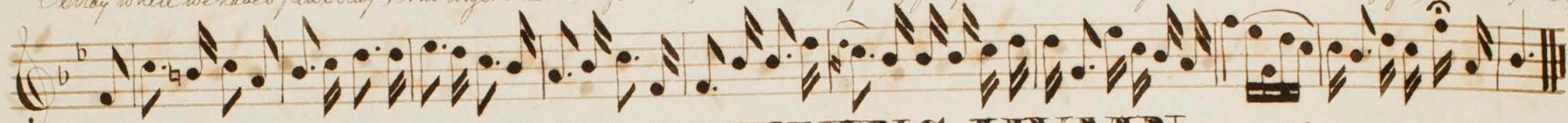
Remains at the by lining.



1st Oh, yes we often mention her, And breathe again her dear name, And though she now is far away, She lives within my heart the same.  
2nd I do not fly from scene to scene, That thought of her may banish be; For she is still, wherever I roam, A solace and a joy to me.



"Oh, yes, we often mention her" (continued)  
*I think not of her loss with tears, Nor mournish with a vain regret, The memory of former years, Although I never, never can forget, I never, never can forget.*  
*Alas! when we have a few strays, And linger when we oft meet, Without a thought of grief to shade, Although I never, never can forget, I never, never can forget.*

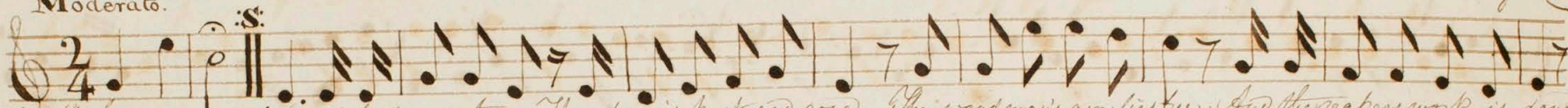


## TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

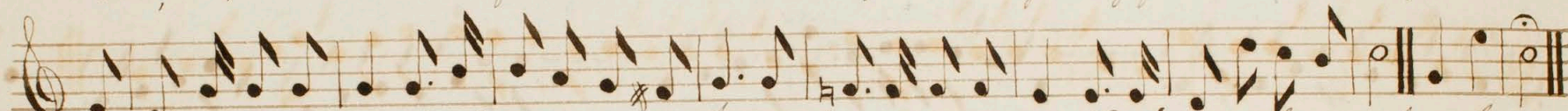
*Remains at the beginning*

Moderato.

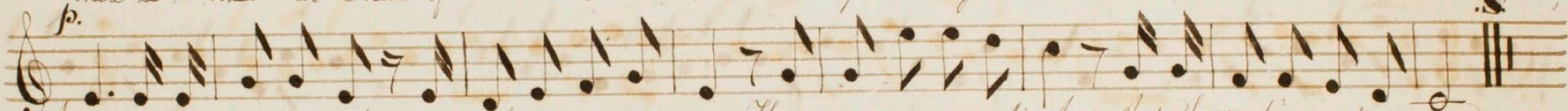
121.



*1<sup>st</sup> Come, come, come! Come to the sunset tree, The day is past and gone, The woodman's axe lies free, And the reapers work is done.*  
*2<sup>d</sup> Come, come, come! Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleasant the woods low-ly; And the gleaming of the west, And the turf whereon we lie.*



*The twilight star to Heaven And the summer dew to flowers, And rest to us is given, By the cool soft evening hours. Come, come, come!*  
*When the burthen and the heat of labors task are o'er, And kindly voices greet the tired one at his door. Come, come, come!*



*Come to the sunset tree, The day is past and gone, The woodman's axe lies free, And the reapers work is done.*

*Come 2<sup>d</sup>.*

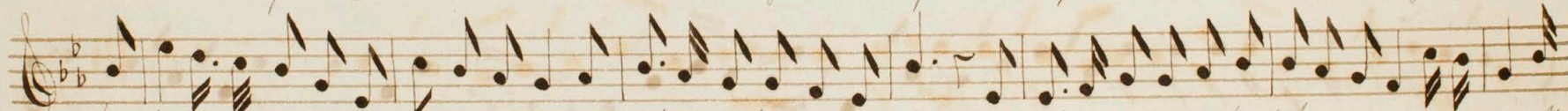
## FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Allegretto.

122.

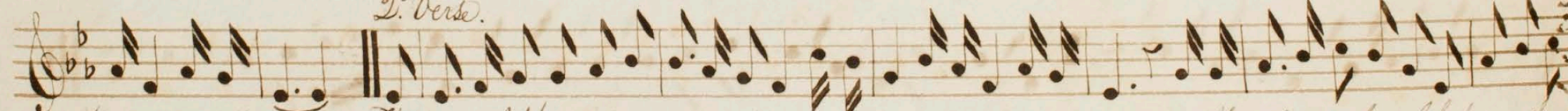


*1<sup>st</sup> Farewell to my harp for its numbers are o'er, Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Its chords shall resound to my fingers no more.*



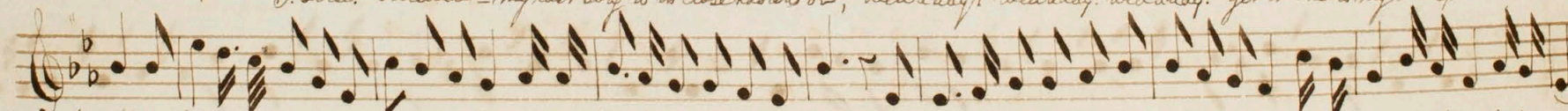
*And hush! is the song that my soul loved to pour, the song that my soul loved to pour. Farewell to my harp for its numbers are o'er, Well-a-day!*

*2<sup>d</sup> Verse.*



*Well-a-day! Well-a-day! The roses of life all their sweetness have shed, Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Well-a-day! From the sunshine of hope all the brightness.*

*3<sup>d</sup> Verse. Farewell my last song to its close hastens on, Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Yet it cheers my lone spirit to think there is*



*has fled, And grief on my path her dark shadows has spread, on my path her dark shadows has spread. The roses of life all their sweetness have shed Well-a-day! Well-a-day!*  
*One who will fondly remember the bard when he's gone, remember the Bard when he's gone. Farewell my last song to its close hastens on Well-a-day! Well-a-day!*



# I should very much like to know.

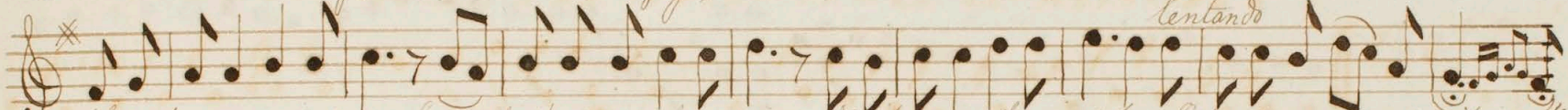
Additional verse at the beginning!

*Allegretto Scherzo.*

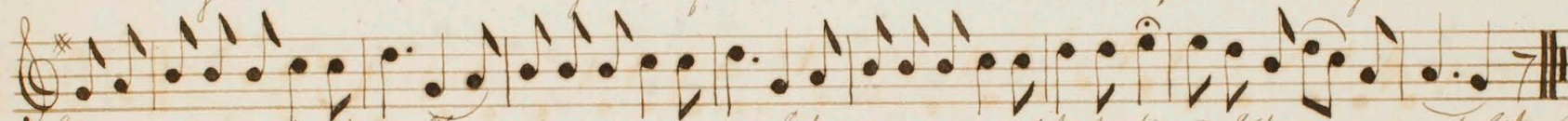
123.



1. In I walked last night, In the dim twilight, — Some one whispered soft and low, whispered soft and low,  
2. Last valentine's day, Came a letter so gay, — With hearts above, around and below, With hearts above and below,



What a pretty girl is she, I wish she would fancy me, Now whoever this could be, I should very much like to know,  
"Oh I love you dearest maid, But to tell you I'm afraid", Now whoever so has said, I should very much like to know,

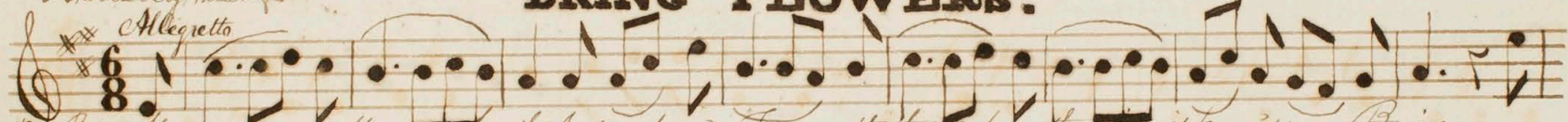


I should very much like to know, Whoever it was said so, I should very much like to know, I should very much like to know,  
I should very much like to know,

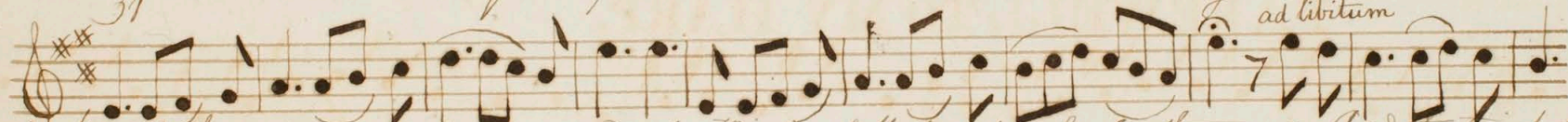
## BRING FLOWERS.

*Allegretto*

124.



1. Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board, To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured; Bring  
2. Bring flowers to strew on the conqueror's path — He hath shaken thistles in his stony wrath! He



flowers! they are springing in wood and vale, their breath floats out on the southern gale, And the touch of the sun  
comes with the spoils of nations back, The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track, The turf looks red

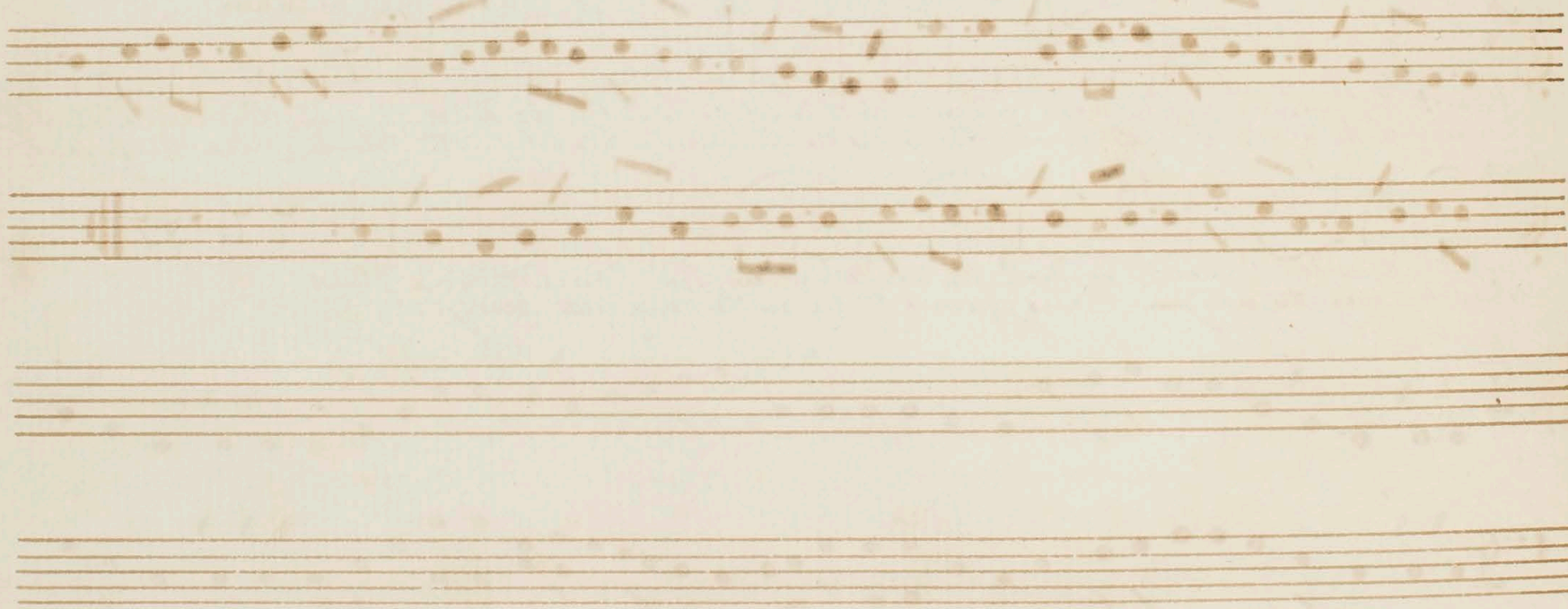


beard hath waked the rose, To deck the hall where the bright wine flows  
where he won the day — Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way.

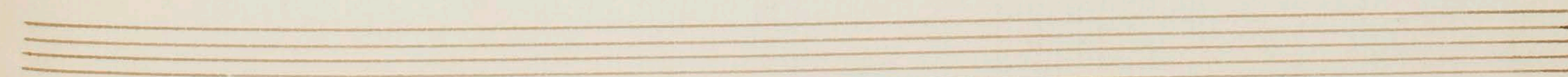
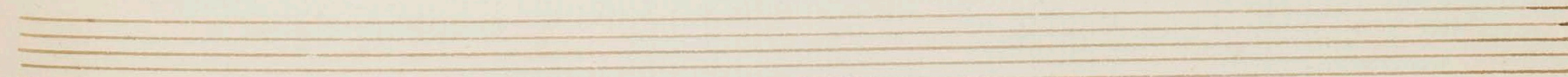
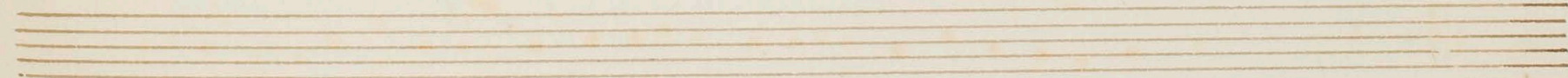
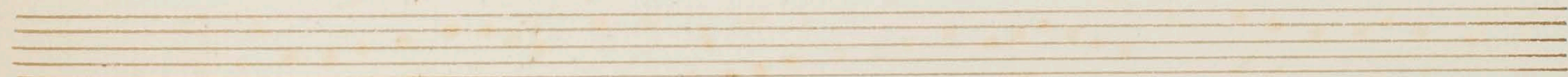
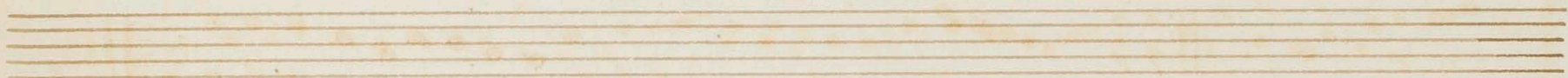
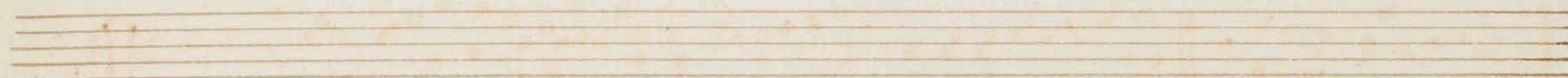
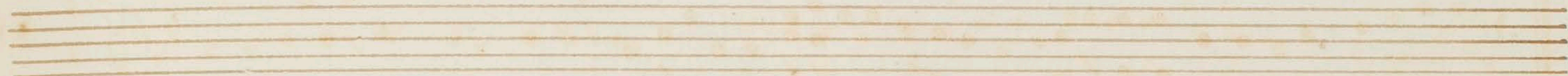
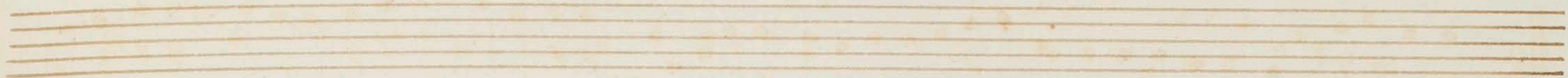
125.





*"The Star Spangled Banner" (continued).*





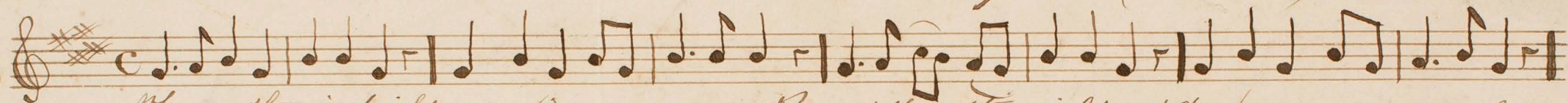






*Andante*

*Greenwood 7.<sup>th</sup> M. (Double)*

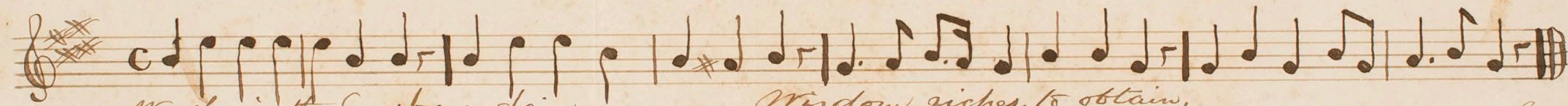
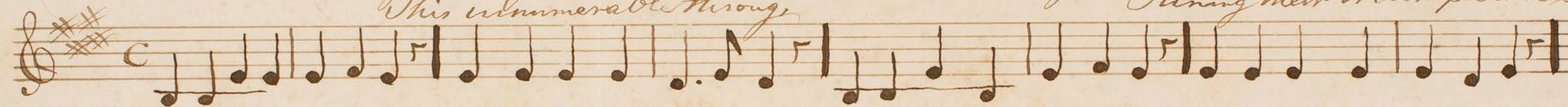


*Who are these in bright array?*

*This innumerable throng,*

*Round the altar night and day,*

*Tuning their triumphant song,*



*Worthy is the Lamb once slain -*

*Blessing, honor, glory, power,*

*Wisdom, riches, to obtain,*

*New dominion every hour.*

